JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1917

3D EVERY THURSDAY

NEW WORLD—NOW OR NEVER by the EDITOR

WHO WANTS £200? see page 15

BIG TASKS AT SEA By A.G.G.

"I do a big wash *every week* with half as much soap"

"I WONDER IF I'M GETTING THE BEST OUT OF MY SOAP RATION!"
BEFORE USING MAZO
"NOW THAT I ADD MAZO MY SOAP GOES TWICE AS FAR!"
AFTER USING MAZO

MAZO will help you get more out of your soap ration. Mazo has a really astonishing way of making soap go further. That is because soap plus *Mazo* gives the most active, lively suds you can have—suds that are extra cleansing, extra powerful—suds that seek out dirt in double quick time and save all hard rubbing.

You can use Mazo with all soap—bar, flakes and powder—and for all kinds of materials. Although it washes so swiftly and efficiently Mazo is harmless. The daintiest and finest garment that is safe in soap and water is just as safe when Mazo is added.

Get the extra cleansing energy from your soap ration by using MAZO soap energizing tablets

THREE 3d PACKETS, EACH OF 5 TABLETS, FOR 1 COUPON

MZ 87-541

T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., STRATFORD, E.15

Cocoa keeps better in a tin

When you buy your wartime packet of Bournville Cocoa, transfer the contents to an old Bournville tin—or any tin with a well-fitting lid. That's the best way to preserve Bournville Cocoa's rich aroma to the last spoonful.

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

I wonder where he is?

Twilight.
The sky is filled with
droning . . . droning . . .
Bombers are going out
—I wonder where he is
"—*my Peter !*"
He too is going out
somewhere — now.
Laughing —
yes, laughing of course !
With his boys.
Jock, his gunner,
Dave the Australian,
Poker Face—second
pilot and Shorty—
the imperturbable :
Cup o'cawffee, Sir ?
To think,
Last week he was home ;
The stories he told
of them. . . . . .
and the old kite—
'Peter's Delivery Van !'
Good luck to them—all.
Baby's asleep, Peter.
Some day — Some day
You'll come home for good
May that day be soon.

* * *

We hear the droning, as we listen to the radio and we say "*Lot going over tonight—anything interesting after the news?*" That droning means anxiety—and may mean sorrow—to many a wakeful woman. Let us not forget that. Let us not be conceited about either our war work or our savings. We owe more to our fighting men than we shall ever repay—for we only lend where they give ; and give all ! *Consider your savings in the light of THIS thought.*

Issued by the National Savings Committee

DESIGN FOR LIVING....
in the right light

MAZDA lighting engineers are constantly seeking new developments and improvements. Their efforts will achieve important advances in domestic lighting when their discoveries can be made available to the public.

MAZDA
LAMPS
The light of today—
AND TOMORROW

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.
A.1077

FOOD FACTS

Get 'em while they last!

There never was such abundance of green vegetables as there is now. We've got a crop of magnificent, healthy greenstuffs — savoy, spring cabbage, spring greens, kale — that is something to thank our lucky stars for.

It's worth while planning your meals specially to include some of these splendid home-grown vegetables. And remember, you can use as many as you like with an absolutely clear conscience !

You'll like the main-dish suggestion given here. It's tasty and nourishing. Why not give it to the family as a treat for tomorrow's supper ?

PORTMAN CABBAGE

1 cabbage (shredded), 1 leek (chopped), ½ pint boiling water, 1 oz. flour, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 3 oz. grated cheese, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 eggs (reconstituted), salt and pepper, a little chopped parsley.

METHOD : Cook cabbage and leek in the boiling salted water until tender (10 to 15 minutes). Drain, and keep cabbage hot. Blend flour and mustard with a little milk, add to the liquid from the cabbage. Boil up, add cheese and vinegar. Stir in the eggs and seasoning. Stir until the sauce thickens, but do not boil. Pour over the cabbage, sprinkle with parsley. Serve with potatoes, sauted if possible.

Note : This recipe can be made equally as well with savoy.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 139

X DON'T FORGET!

Keep LION OINTMENT always handy and apply immediately before minor injuries become serious dangers. Quickly cleanses and heals **CUTS, BURNS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, BOILS, ECZEMA, IMPETIGO.** Successful even with **BAD LEGS.**

From Chemists 1/3 & 3/- *(including Purchase Tax)* **1/3**

BURGESS' **LION OINTMENT**

Cuthbert's Fruit Trees

Every gardener can provide health-giving fresh fruit. A great opportunity for those wishing to plant a few trees is our offer of that champion dessert variety Cox's Orange Pippin. Four splendid 3/4 year bush trees covered with flower spurs for early fruiting, and one Worcester Pearmain for pollinating. 5 bush trees in all for 30/- carriage paid.

Further offers include :—

APPLES. Bush, Cox's Orange, 2-year-old trees, fine stock, 6/- each ; Cordons, 7/6 each.
BLACK CURRANTS. 2-year-old bushes, 1/9 each 18/- doz. ; 50 for 60/-. RED CURRANTS, 2-year, 1/9 each ; 18/- doz. ; 50 for 60/-.
RASPBERRY CANES. Best sorts, Lloyd George and Norfolk Giant, 5/- doz., 25/- 100.
STRAWBERRY PLANTS. Prolific cropper, Royal Sovereign, 25/- 100.
Orders under 10/- add 1/- carr., 10/- to 25/- add 2/- ; over 25/- carr. paid.
Cuthbert's Famous Vegetable Seeds and Fertilisers on sale at all Woolworth Stores.
R. & G. CUTHBERT, 42, GOFF'S OAK, HERTS.
The Nation's Nurserymen since 1797.

Healthy dogs make good companions

After a stop-at-home life all winter, your dog needs conditioning as a protection from the blood disorders caused by lack of exercise. A daily Bob Martin's —in powder *or* tablet form— will make your dog a healthy, happy companion.

In packets of 9 for 7d., 21 for 1/1½.

Bob Martin's Condition Powders or Tablets

OUT of ORDER

We don't think it unimportant that millions of wireless sets are out of order. But it is no use pretending that we can supply new sets or undertake widespread radio service. We do what we can and to help a little we have produced "KEEP IT GOING" a modest little book on the care and simple upkeep of most types of radio sets. It costs 6d. and we hope it may do for your set what its title says, "Keep it Going."

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL

MURPHY DEALERS

If your Murphy Dealer has closed or you are unable to locate him, please write direct to Publications Department, Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C.118

JOHN

Thursday, for week ending Sa
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Tele

" Come the three corners of
And we shall shock them ;
If England to itself do rest

traight from the Shoulder

VITAL

HITLER prepares to meet assault on the West by withdrawing on the East.

A swift change of policy, his. It follows swiftly on German eports that concentrations of invasion craft have been observed in ritish ports.

It suggests a fear that our attack ill be made sooner than he xpected.

and Fro

A few weeks ago he was still sending oops from France to Russia. He is ot yet bringing them back.

But he is moving back his main forces shorter lines—lines that presumably n be held by smaller forces.

The "invincible fortress" of Rzhev s been abandoned. Orel must also fall, robably even Smolensk as well.

ounter-Attack

The mighty blows of the Russian ammer may make his withdrawal as stly as a retreat.

But when an offensive has spent its rce the enemy has chance to counter-tack.

Under cover of furious counter-attack the south, the Germans have extri-ted most of their menaced forces from e Donetz Basin "trap."

Undoubtedly they will try to repeat at manœuvre in the central and rthern sectors, thus to release troops r Western Europe.

ack to Italy

Already, most of the Italian troops ve been withdrawn. They have turned to Italy, presumably to defend e "soft under-belly of the Axis" ainst invasion.

Moreover, Goebbels boasts that by the nd of next month Germany's new army "250 divisions" will be ready.

eported Youth

The first French senator to escape to ritain emphasises the need for the illies to hurry.

"A big landing should be made before l the young men of France have been ported to Germany," he warns.

"It is more because of the sheer fear

"WHEN THE TIME IS SHALL STRIKE AGAIN

FOR EVERY READER **A FREE INSURA**

Underw

Readers who have not already registered Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Depart

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 13, 1943, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

VITAL WEEKS

HITLER prepares to meet assault on the West by withdrawing on the East.

A swift change of policy, his. It follows swiftly on German eports that concentrations of in-asion craft have been observed in ritish ports.

It suggests a fear that our attack ill be made sooner than he xpected.

o and Fro

A few weeks ago he was still sending roops from France to Russia. He is ot yet bringing them back.

But he is moving back his main forces shorter lines—lines that presumably n be held by smaller forces.

The "invincible fortress" of Rzhev s been abandoned. Orel must also fall, robably even Smolensk as well.

ounter-Attack

The mighty blows of the Russian ammer may make his withdrawal as astly as a retreat.

But when an offensive has spent its rce the enemy has chance to counter-ttack.

Under cover of furious counter-attack the south, the Germans have extri-ated most of their menaced forces from he Donetz Basin "trap."

Undoubtedly they will try to repeat at manœuvre in the central and rthern sectors, thus to release troops r Western Europe.

ack to Italy

Already, most of the Italian troops ave been withdrawn. They have eturned to Italy, presumably to defend he "soft under-belly of the Axis" gainst invasion.

Moreover, Goebbels boasts that by the nd of next month Germany's new army "250 divisions" will be ready.

eported Youth

The first French senator to escape to Britain emphasises the need for the llies to hurry.

"A big landing should be made before ll the young men of France have been eported to Germany," he warns.

"It is more because of the sheer fear of invasion, than to get extra labour, that the Germans are organising a mass conscription of workers."

Time for Action

No, our attack should not be delayed. The increasing weight and scope of the R.A.F.'s activities, as Captain Balfour has hinted, suggest that it will not be delayed.

Capt. Balfour, as an Air Minister, should be in a position to judge.

More Than One

It may be that we shall open not only a Second Front in Europe but several new fronts.

Here we may find a useful lesson in the perfect timing of the Soviet operations.

When one Russian offensive slows down, another begins on a distant part of the front. And always at the right moment; always when the enemy, caught on the wrong foot, is despatching reinforcements to the sector where only a feint attack is in progress.

Timoshenko Returns

Marshal Timoshenko, for example, has magnificently reappeared when the enemy thought he was in disgrace, and where they certainly had no reason to expect him.

It is possible that a famous British general will make a similar return to active command.

False Notes

But, just as we must avoid false starts, so must we avoid false notes.

Our military preparations could be perfect and yet be marred by lack of psychological preparations.

Thousands of lives may be lost if the peoples of Occupied Europe are left doubtful and confused.

Marching in Step

In the coming weeks, Ministers should speak with one voice. Propaganda should be co-ordinated. Every message to the enslaved peoples should be part of a dovetailed military plan.

Otherwise they will not march in step when we bid them to rise against their oppressors.

Fancy or Fact!

To all of us, facts are a better spur to action than fancies.

It is hinted that Hitler is now completely mad. We prefer to listen to General Sikorski's warning that the Hitlerites are taking every precaution against defeat.

Our broadcasts to Europe speculate on the Ribbentrop-Ciano meeting. More important is the fact that, despite the threat of attack from the West, a note of optimism has reappeared in the enemy newspapers. For us, it is a note of warning.

Goering's Secret Weapon

Goering promises new triumphs to the *Luftwaffe*. He is a master of fiction.

But we should heed the fact that Germany is producing a new high-altitude fighter of great speed, range, gun-power and armour.

Are we making sure that our own fighters can meet it on even terms?

Smashing!

So with the Far East. Better stop speculations on how Japan will be beaten and carry on with the job of beating her!

MacArthur's brilliant feat in smashing an entire convoy shows what can be done.

Our offensive in Burma must be resumed for we need a land route to China. Meanwhile, our aid to China is hampered by lack of transport planes, so that the supplies we intend for Chiang Kai-shek are often delayed.

How High

The demand for supplies has indeed reached a new level of immensity and urgency.

Next month, the 25th anniversary of the R.A.F. will find our Third Arm more out-stretched than ever.

Since war began, two thousand bombers have been lost over Germany, though the biggest attacks are yet to come.

Air Mastery

Our losses must be instantly replaced. More than that, we must so increase the flow of aircraft as to change our air superiority into air supremacy.

We are sinking more U-boats. But in this aspect of the war, too, there is still an urgent call for more ships and more aircraft.

Frigates and Fliers

Fast frigates are replacing the corvettes as escort vessels. Nevertheless, the aeroplane remains our strongest weapon against the U-boat.

It is consoling to hear from Mr. Alexander that the *Seafire*, "the best naval fighter in the world," is now being produced in "satisfactory numbers."

It is good to hear that the new torpedo-bomber, the *Barracuda*, is coming from the factories "in increasing numbers."

We should not be content until the numbers are overwhelming.

Not Enough

We have built some 900 warships since war began. Our production of merchant vessels has achieved marvels.

Yet Sir Arthur Salter, a member of the Government, tells us bluntly that we haven't enough ships to transport all the troops available for action against the enemy this year!

Sizing It Up

Such are the facts on which our future action must be based. They are not deterrents to action. They are incentives to action.

The job is a big one. But it is within our capabilities. We should fail only if we under-estimated its size.

To-day's Scene

Never has the war map offered better prospects.

A year ago, MacArthur's gallant Americans were being smashed to defeat in the Philippines. To-day, his forces have just inflicted another terrific naval defeat on the enemy off New Guinea.

In the Balkans

Two years ago, the Germans were demanding that Yugoslavia should join the Axis.

To-day, they are cutting down the trees to a depth of three miles on both sides of the Yugoslav railways—so that they can cover the lines if we invade the Balkans.

Now Ready

To-day, we have an army of millions, superbly trained and equipped, impatient for action.

We can look forward to to-morrow with confidence.

(Continued overleaf)

STOP THE GAPS

● Taxis line up each morning in Covent Garden, wait half an hour or so, and then go off crammed with flowers. Policemen look on quizzically—so does the JOHN BULL staff on its way to work.

The Government, of course, wants to stop the use of special transport for the flower trade.

But in its recent Order it forgot to mention taxis. So petrol continues to be wasted on a luxury trade.

Something is always forgotten in official Orders and Regulations.

Maximum price Orders have been as full of holes as the domestic colander. Ramps have flourished in consequence—second-hand typewriters provide just one example.

Official restrictions, when issued, did not restrict the Black Market. So the restrictions have had to be followed by additions and amendments.

"Almost as fast as one Order is issued, we have to start asking for amendments to close its gaps," a Civil Service administrator has confessed.

In consequence, official staffs and trade interests are given extra work, the police are hamstrung, the public mulcted, and the war effort hindered.

JOHN BULL suggests that new official edicts would have fewer flaws if they were first "vetted" by a small central panel of independent legal experts with power to consult the trade interests affected.

"WHEN THE TIME IS RIPE WE SHALL STRIKE AGAIN"—GOERING, 28/2/43.

FOR EVERY READER

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MEANWHILE, some engineering firms have decided not to seek any further Government contracts.

It isn't the payment that exasperates them. At a pinch, they would work for no profit at all.

The trouble is, they say, they can't get extra clerks to deal with the growing mass of official forms.

Clogging the Wheels

"Unless somebody sets fire to Whitehall and its offshoots," one indignant engineer complains to JOHN BULL, "the wheels of industry will become clogged with paper."

Whitehall must have proper returns, of course, so that it can regulate production. But need it have dozens—even scores—of complex and overlapping forms for a single job?

Filling the Shops

Shopkeepers, too, would like to know. "Mr. Dalton is turning us from a nation of shopkeepers into a nation of accountants," says the chairman of a big London store.

Simple Remedy

He wants the Board of Trade to stop issuing orders and regulations for almost every article sold in the shops.

Instead, he suggests, Whitehall should fix a fair margin of profit on all goods sold.

A simple and necessary recipe. Too simple, we fear, for Mr. Dalton and his fifteen secretaries.

£5 a Bottle

We can tell them something about prices. Champagne, £5 a bottle; cigars, 14s. each, were the prices paid the other day at a London auction.

Only licensed dealers can buy at auctions now. So by the time that champagne reaches the "consumer" it will probably cost £10 a bottle.

Good Going

For three hours the dealers bid against one another. One woman's nods put up the price of sherry to 550s. a dozen—45s. 10d. a bottle.

Another woman bid up the price of Irish whisky to 36s. 8d. a bottle. Scotch fetched 41s. 3d. a bottle. Liqueurs fetched from £6 to £8.

And prices are still rising.

Diverting Their Cash

It may be true that dealers wouldn't pay so much if a minority of the public were not willing to pay even more. It is also true that prices should be fixed in order to make the rich divert their spare money to war savings.

In this respect, Whitehall's half-measures do not, and will not, succeed.

Surprise Rise

Oddest story of rising prices comes from a Norwich reader who sold an old piano for 50s.

Shortly afterwards, his mother bought a piano to keep for his prisoner-of-war brother.

Yes, it was the same piano, with new legs and a touch of white paint on the keys. Price, £24.

Mockery

That, no doubt, could be reckoned as legitimate business. But there is indignation throughout the country against the mocking leniency shown to illicit traders—the Black Market get-rich-quicks.

To the purse-worried wives of fighting men, to women who toil long hours at factory machines for little pay, it is a shock to read that men making fortunes from "on the side" foodstuffs are allowed to get off with £5 or even £50 fines.

Away from the World

Magistrates who impose such trumpery penalties must live in a little world of their own. It might do them good to discuss the matter with women shoppers—or their own wives.

It would be better for the Government to remind them that Black Market operations are akin to treachery.

Vandalism

Let us have, too, a police campaign against the water-tank vandals!

In Manchester and district, 150 tons of rubbish have been thrown into the N.F.S. tanks in six months. A million gallons of water have had to be pumped out to clean them.

Don't blame the young for this waste of salvage material, water, and 3,000 man hours.

Where's the Police!

Concrete posts have been smashed with heavy hammers. Children couldn't do that. Steel girders have been tipped into the tanks. Children couldn't do that either.

Behind the News

- **R.A.F. offensive is so straining Nazi civil defence that fifteen-year-old boys are now manning guns in some German towns.**
- *But the recruiting of schoolboys for civil defence is having serious effect on parents who have lost grown-up sons and are reluctant to expose their youngest boys to the fury of British bombs.*
- Germany's smaller allies propose a conference to air their grievances.
- **Unless Hitler succeeds in preventing it, he will be faced with counter-demands to his own increasing demands for men and food.**
- *Nazi papers complain about Party bosses who are wangling soft jobs for relatives affected by new total mobilisation order.*
- More trouble in Vienna. Anniversary week, for the fifth year of German occupation, resulted in mass arrests.
- **Nazi guards have been ordered to stop all "non-convention" treatment of Russian prisoners. Reason is obvious.**
- *Goering is behind desperate Nazi defence to hold the Russians off the Ukraine. He has staked all on a 2,000,000-ton grain harvest this year.*
- Good reason to think that R.A.F. raids have reduced Italian 'plane production to 300 a month.
- **First estimate of latest Cologne damage: loss of £15,000,000 in repair materials, hundreds of millions in wasted man-hours, and doubt whether its war industry can now be restored.**
- *Exposed—Jap plot to sell out Axis partners if Russia guarantees to give up helping China and leases Siberian mainland to Tokio for "purely defensive" measures against democracies.*

- **Acute shortage of nurses in fever hospitals and sanatoria shows no signs of improvement.**

Despite recent inducements, girls prefer to take up nursing in general hospitals.

But there is a remedy—to train them in all branches of nursing. In other words, a nurse should spend some time in a special hospital before passing on to the general hospital.

The suggestion should be studied by the authorities without delay. For the position has become so serious that, in some areas, only virulent fever cases are being sent to hospital while in every area there is a long waiting list of sufferers from tuberculosis.

Despite the call-up, there are still plenty of police in our cities. And obviously there are plenty of jobs awaiting their attention.

Dazzled

Thus, Colchester 'bus drivers complain that they are dazzled by lorry, car and cycle lamps, the masks of which are so badly fitted that the ray shines upwards.

We've noticed, too, a good many hand torches that do not conform to regulations. You can't get some people to think of "the other fellow"—unless a policeman persuades them to!

Really Necessary!

Back and forth shuttle the girls in uniform. They must smile wryly at those "Is your journey really necessary?" posters.

A.T.S. girls were called to London for an interview. Some travelled all night from Scotland. Some came from Northern Command. Others from the South Country.

They would have liked a cup of tea on arrival. But there was more important business on foot.

The Judges

One by one they were summoned to the presence of a colonel, two majors, two captains, and a junior commander. They were questioned to see if they were suitable to look after convalescent girls!

The choice, we imagine, could have been made by their own officers, thereby preventing a waste of two or three days and a waste of rail transport.

In the Backwoods

But transport should be provided for thirty land girls who, with half a dozen men, have been engaged on forestry work for ten months in the same area—without sanitary arrangements or proper shelter.

In winter, they were taken to the site in an open lorry. For weeks it has been laid up, so the girls have to walk to the forest. And it's an eight-mile tramp.

Long Wait

It's a wonder some farmers haven't tramped to London to shock officialdom with some healthy rural plain speaking.

Thousands of them are still waiting for *last year's* ploughing-up subsidy!

Not Enough

An Army officer has just been ordered overseas. His allowance for tropical kit is £10. Just two items in the list of clothing recommended—four shirts and six drill shorts—cost more than that.

So, at the very time he needs to leave a bank balance for his wife and child, he has to draw out an extra £20 to buy Army clothes.

The war time generals at the War Office are considerate people. Here, I suggest, is a subject for their consideration.

Sacked

Subject for reconsideration is the sacking of ex-Servicemen from Civil Defence services without providing them with other jobs. Result, many of them are now on the "dole."

Why not train them as telephonists for fire stations and control posts instead of recruiting fit women who could quite well stand up to factory work?

Discrimination

Why, again, should sick men be fined for failing to do Fire Guard duties when their doctors certify that such duties would aggravate their illness?

That isn't justice.

By all means, prosecute the skivers and shankers. But allow men with reasonable grounds for exemption to state their case before a hardships tribunal—don't turn them down without listening to their evidence!

Time Off

Truancy is on the increase. In Manchester, 20,000 children are absent from school daily. In Salford, 3,000.

Lack of parental control owing to war circumstances is the cause, no doubt. But to regard truancy as inevitable in war time is a policy of despair.

Surely ratepayers spend enough on school attendance services for some effort to be made to enforce the Education Acts?

Keeping Well

There would be healthier children if every parent read a threepenny booklet issued by the Government. We should be a happier nation if everyone read it.

"How to Keep Well in War Time" is the title.

Written by a doctor, it deals most sensibly with food, hygiene, sex matters and other subjects than could have been expected of any official publication a few generations ago. In some ways, you see, we do progress.

Children Banned

But not in regard to the young. It is still hard to persuade selfish landladies that children are as much entitled to a home as adults.

A Swansea woman was bombed out. She and her little girl are now living "in rooms."

Though the child is at school most of the day, is quiet and well-behaved, she is not allowed to skip in the garden. The landlady says she must play in the road—a busy road—and have no callers at the house.

Told to Quit

In Leeds, a mother of a girl of two is expecting another baby. She has been told to "find somewhere else" before the confinement; the landlady couldn't possibly have two children in the house.

There's nothing unusual in these examples. That's the evil of it. But perhaps the scandal might not be so widespread if friends and neighbours told the offenders spoke their minds.

It's Odd

Inevitably, the milk zoning scheme has produced some anomalies. But none so quaint as one which annoys a Stroud reader who for forty years has been supplied with milk from a near-by farm.

Now he has to obtain milk from a retailer two and a half miles away. But the farmer is still allowed to deliver to our reader's next-door neighbour.

THE NEW WORLD —Now or Never!

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

PROVIDED Russia and China be fully represented, the forthcoming United Nations' conference on post-war reconstruction may mark a turning point in human history.

Eighteen months have passed since the Atlantic Charter proclaimed the principles for which the Allies are fighting.

Since then the prospect of victory has become assured, and the problems of peace have assumed an ever greater urgency.

There has been much talk about them by British and American leaders; a great deal of individual and uncoordinated national planning. But hitherto no international action.

The delay was frightening. For intelligent people everywhere could see that we had no time to lose.

Now the move has been made it is good that the invitation for this preliminary meeting has come from the United States.

It clearly confirms America's willingness to assume responsibility.

The BIG FOUR should now make haste to reach an agreement which can be proclaimed to all the world.

Mr. Sumner Welles, in his Toronto speech, was concerned chiefly with the means to achieve the economic objectives of the Atlantic Charter.

Let us recall them. They included equal access to raw materials for every country and a fair opportunity for all to share the world's trade.

They called for collaboration to secure better working conditions and social security for all men.

And Mr. Attlee has recently emphasised that the Charter meant what it said.

GOOD; but is must be said more clearly and in far greater detail. The world must be told how the United Nations intend to fulfil their promise.

President Roosevelt realises this. He knows that the beginning of individual security is to supply enough food for all.

Britain and America have already made bold and generous arrangements to save Europe from famine when the war ends, but Roosevelt, speaking before Sumner Welles, said proposals were afoot for the United Nations to discuss long-term food supplies for the world at large.

We hope that the one Conference will have terms of reference wide enough to cover the whole economic field.

And to include such closely interrelated problems as that of international air transport.

For there can never be a better opportunity to reach agreement than now, when the United Nations are facing a common danger with a single determination.

If they do not do so before the war ends, this unity of purpose may soon seep away into the sands of rival nationalisms—as it did after 1918.

Fortunately, we and our partners in this world struggle are already agreed in principle.

We all want, as Sumner Welles put it, "full employment for our peoples at good wages and under good working conditions."

And to get that we are prepared to make "the other physical and institutional arrangements that add up to 'freedom from want.'"

So, at least, we are told, and so, up to a point, we must believe.

But our own Government's attitude to the Beveridge Report was sadly disappointing.

Here a great opportunity to give the world a lead was missed by miserable timidity.

Sir William Beveridge aimed at nothing less than the abolition of want in our own country.

The Government was afraid to face the cost and, in Sir William's own words, it has abandoned that aim "in regard to pensions, wholly, and in regard to children's allowances and to unemployment and disability benefits, to a lesser extent."

There is still time for Mr. Churchill and his colleagues to undo their mistake. They can yet give the world a magnificent lead.

But only if they will heed Sir William Beveridge's new appeal to them to take their courage in both hands and give social security priority second only to military security—and take everything else in its turn.

Of course, there can be no planned economy for all peoples unless all agree to limit private and State competition.

In fact, however, this cut-throat competition *has* been greatly limited by the necessities of war.

The United Nations have already discovered in the Lend-Lease system a splendid instrument of collaboration which could certainly be adapted to the needs of peace.

Similarly, too, the joint boards and agencies which are now controlling so many economic activities are a form of international machinery in full working order.

The Combined Raw Materials Board, for instance, has just shown in its first annual report how greatly it has helped the common war effort.

This help largely took the form of supplying up-to-date and accurate figures of the various countries' requirements and exportable surpluses.

Mr. Batt, the American representative on the Board, urges that similar statistical surveys, looking ahead for a year or two, will be essential if we are to avoid another "demoralising scramble for raw materials."

Sir Kingsley Wood has admitted in this connection that Britain has lagged behind other countries in the collection and prompt publication of such economic and financial statistics.

He added that it will be one of the Government's first objects after the war to secure full and up-to-date information.

In the international field, however, "after the war" will be too late.

The United Nations' Conference needs to survey the world's needs and the world's resources at once.

And not only in regard to raw materials and food, but also in regard to industrial capacity.

FOR there is no longer any doubt that the prosperity of all nations is linked with the prosperity of each.

Peace and plenty are to be secured only by expanding consumption.

In other words, we must for our own sakes help forward the development of backward countries and raise the standard of living of the poor in every land.

That is the only way to make our immensely increased power of production a blessing to mankind instead of a curse.

JOHN BULL *thinks it necessary to repeat that the full participation of Russia and China is essential to the success of world planning by the United Nations.*

Great difficulties will have to be overcome because there are at present so many different economic systems, varying between almost total State control on the one hand and almost unrestricted private enterprise on the other.

But, given good will and honest purpose by all concerned, they *can* be overcome and the machinery of post-war reconstruction, forged in the furnace of war itself, is ready to hand for the nobler purposes of peace.

The old world of chaotic greeds and jealousies stands self-condemned as "unfit for human habitation."

Heaven send that the United Nations, acting in continued unity, may soon lay the foundations of the new world we all desire.

The opportunity is immense. It must be taken now—or never.

Food Flakes Will Help to Rescue Europe

SCIENTISTS experimenting with yeast and yeast products have hit upon a method of treating molasses or sugar that results in a substance of ultra high food content.

This new product, which is likely to be known as food-yeast, has astonishing possibilities, and will probably play a big part in feeding famished Europe when the Germans are turned out.

Its nutritive value alone would place it among the most important food discoveries of the century.

But on top of that it has the great merit of compactness, which means that food for great numbers of people can be carried in a very small space.

That is why food-yeast may very well mean the difference between life and death to countless thousands of people in starving post-war Europe.

★ ★ ★

To realise how much food punch this new product packs into a small space, it is only necessary to point out that a five per cent. content of it in the ordinary household 2-lb. loaf is equal to two and a half eggs or a quarter of a pound of beefsteak!

In addition to vital Vitamin B value it is packed tight with protein, too.

Its protein value, indeed, is double that of its own weight in, say, cheese; and one ounce of it has a protein content equivalent to that of two eggs.

Realising the immense value of the discovery, the Government has already made a £25,000 grant for the erection of a production plant in Jamaica, where surplus sugar is available for conversion

It is estimated that Jamaica will be able to produce 2,000 tons of food-yeast in about six months, at a cost of only 6d. a pound!

Which can scarcely be called dear when one considers that even an ounce of it will go a long way towards preventing starvation.

Emerging, after its production process, in the form of a thin ribbon over hot rollers, the food-yeast can be reduced to flakes, powder, or compressed tablets, whichever is the most convenient for the purpose in hand.

The finished product has a slightly sweet taste, but when added to soups gives them a distinct meaty flavour.

★ ★ ★

Astonishing results have already been obtained during experiments.

Of three pigs of identical weight, fed on a normal basic diet over a period of thirteen weeks, two had a five per cent. addition of food-yeast to their diet.

At the end of the thirteen weeks, the third pig weighed 38 lbs.

The two which had had food-yeast added to their diet turned the scales at 115 lbs. and 130 lbs. respectively.

They were more than three times as heavy as their companion!

A result almost reminiscent of the "food of the gods" in the famous story by H. G. Wells.

But whereas in that story the "food" nearly brought the existing world to an end, food-yeast seems more likely to bring it to a new beginning.

PATRICK SPENCER.

OPEN LETTERS

Miss FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health

DEAR MADAM,—The great rents racket becomes more difficult to handle every month that passes.

But it provides a lovely game of pat-ball for leisurely officialdom.

For a year and longer I have been demanding a clear-cut remedy for the outrageous profiteering on furnished rooms and houses.

Until quite recently your Ministry had "no information" on the subject. Now, at last, it is returning the ball—and knocking it all over the place.

First, it advises local authorities to set up vigilance committees. Next, it advises people who think their rent is "abnormal" to apply to a county court judge for a reduction. Thirdly, it says that if a rent is "extortionate" instead of "abnormal," the local council can prosecute the landlord in a police court.

Nothing clear-cut about that, is there?

True, action has been taken in some cases.

In London, "negotiation" has reduced the rent of four guineas a week for two furnished rooms to £2 12s. 6d. A landlord has been fined for letting a single furnished room at 35s. a week.

But the proof that these measures aren't sufficient is to be found in admissions by your own spokesmen.

They admit that R.A.F. officers and soldiers wives are not the only people victimised. They admit that women and children who have evacuated themselves to the country, transferred war workers and evacuated Civil Servants are being exploited.

Yet local councils say that few complaints reach them, though they know the evil is widespread.

Why?

Because the victims are afraid of being turned out. They would rather pay through the nose for a temporary home than have no home at all.

So districts near airfields and barracks are still happy hunting-grounds for the mean-minded scoundrels who profit by the hardships of war.

Thus, one woman is paying £2 12s. 6d. a week for a single bedroom that has only a gas-ring for cooking—and no fireplace. In Scotland, £4 a week is demanded for a little house previously let at £1.

That, I think, is proof that your Ministry's suggestions are no remedy—because they offer no security to the victim who dares complain, who can find no alternative accommodation if given notice to quit, and who despairs of understanding the complexities of the present laws and regulations.

Local authorities, led by Manchester City Council, are returning the ball to you. They want a simple remedy—preferably an amendment to the Rent Restriction Acts.

They are right. You should take prompt, vigorous action to safeguard all the victims of bad landlordism, and cease passing the ball to others.—JOHN BULL.

The Ministry of Health, the Local Council and the greedy landlord play ball with the helpless tenant

The LOCAL COUNCILS Throughout the Country

DEAR SIRS,—Until we get the Beveridge Plan you might try a little social reform on your own.

Most of you allow your workers five weeks' half-pay when sick, followed by five weeks on quarter-pay.

After ten weeks, if he is still ill, the pavior or roadman or stoker gets nothing.

Whereas the official to whom you pay £1,500 or £2,000 a year receives full pay, however long his illness may be.

Let me cite the case of a municipal labourer. When at work, he received £3 10s. a week, which hardly allowed him to make much provision for illness.

Having been ill for eight weeks, he draws only 10s. 5d. after income tax and pension contributions have been deducted. This, of course, is at a time when he most needs his full wages. His superior, also sick, is drawing full salary of £30 a week.

I suggest you should either impose a flat rule for all employees or judge each case on its merits.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—I appreciate your difficulty; it can't be easy to find suitable jobs for disabled ex-Servicemen.

But I can offer one suggestion.

First, let me tell you that maimed soldiers of the last war are working overtime every day at Roehampton Hospital making artificial limbs for the disabled of this war.

The demand for their work is increasing. I am afraid that, owing to the exigencies of the military tasks that confront us, we must expect many more casualties during the next few months—and therefore a need for many more artificial limbs.

Their manufacture is an ideal job for the ex-Servicemen who require light work, plus a training to stand them in good stead after the horrors of war have passed.

Here, surely, is an opportunity to meet demand by supply.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P., Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—However busy you are, it will be worth your while to read a letter from one of my readers.

He is a small farmer—one of those men who have helped you and all of us to get through this war without empty stomachs.

He agrees with me that the nation must be assured of clean milk, and that, therefore, dairy herds must be "up-graded."

"But," he objects, "this can be achieved only by well-off farmers. It can't be done by small men like myself—who has only seven cows and no capital."

He knows that some of his stock are not good milkers. But if he sold them he would get a very poor price for them—and have to pay about £60 each for good cows to replace them.

There's the rub. As he says, the price of milk is controlled, but not the price of dairy stock.

Somehow, means must be devised to encourage the poor farmer to get rid of poor stock and buy good stock at a price he can afford.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. E. JONES, Welsh Nationalist Offices, Caernarvon

SIR,—You're clever, of course, but not clever enough.

So I judge by a circular which an amused reader has sent me. It demands "the end of the war at the first possible date." Well, we all want that.

It demands a "repeal of the ban on radio programmes for Wales." There's no ban.

It states that Welsh children have been bombed. So have English and Scottish children. It complains, rightly, that officialdom was slow to evacuate children from Welsh ports. There was delay, too, in bringing away the children from bombed Plymouth.

But I'm not going to ask the Home Secretary to watch the activities of your organisation. The best proof that Welsh people want the war to end not only as soon as possible but *fairly* is that some 400,000 of them are fighting side by side with freedom-lovers of many nationalities.—JOHN BULL.

A GIANT WITH VERY DEEP FOUNDATIONS

SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE envisions a Britain where it will be possible for all citizens to live in an environment, healthy, clean and pleasing to all the senses.

He describes squalor as a formidable giant—far harder to attack than want—a true Goliath.

Probably the most thorny sociological question of our times is the transfer of families from the squalid streets of our towns and cities to healthy and well-planned communities beyond the confines of industry.

ARGUE IT OUT

By Pa...

It was significant that, even as Sir William was outlining his hopes of the future, Dr. J. J. Mallon, Warden of Toynbee Hall, was telling a London conference:

"Many people have left the housing estates at Dagenham and have returned to the East End because there are no pubs, no fried fish shops, and no 'buses on the estates."

Many people who study this problem see only one aspect of the problem and fail to grasp others. Environment, whether good or bad, clean or dirty, breeds its slaves.

The man and woman who have lived for years in a little house in a crowded street in an industrial town—sometimes in the shadow of belching smoke-stacks and gaunt factories—live in a busy world.

* * *

They know all the troubles in the street. The noise of industrial traffic comforts them.

The corner pub is a meeting-place for the man.

He wouldn't feel at home in those modern "improved" hotels which are so sparsely and grudgingly built on the new housing estates.

The fried fish shop has an integral part in the life of the grimy streets. It meets the economic standards of the people; and, on the whole, it provides nourishing food.

You see, these people have their very roots in the industrial soil.

Many of them would be strangely, vaguely unhappy if they were transplanted to the quiet, uneventful atmosphere of a garden city.

Something would be lacking. And in their hearts they would yearn for the busy street scene which they had known from childhood.

It isn't that they like dirt or squalor.

* * *

I'll take you to many of the little streets in the North of England and show you homes as clean as a new pin.

It isn't that they dislike the countryside.

It just happens that the pull of the environment they know so well is more powerful than the urge to live in more pleasant surroundings.

There are other factors. The economic one is important. Travel costs to and from work, higher rates and rents all influence the question of moving.

The question is not one of stamping out squalor. Rather is it one of instilling in the minds of the people the true values of living. Once those values are appreciated squalor will vanish.

★ HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME—TOLD IN A NEW SERIES—ARE SOME OF THE WAR'S MOST THRILLING ESCAPE YARNS: THE AMAZING EXPLOITS OF "NEVER-SAY-DIE" HEROES WHO VALIANTLY REFUSED TO BE HELD BY THE FOE AND GOT BACK TO FIGHT AGAIN

1,000 Miles with a School Map

THEY COULDN'T BE HELD: No. 1

★

By MARK PRIESTLEY

Wing-Commander Jeudwine (second from left) and three of his escape companions

IT happened when the Japs were over-running Java. The official evacuation order had been issued at Bandoong. It was one of the darker hours for the United Nations.

Over the radio flashed the last signal, "Squadron air-crews proceed to Tjilijap and await embarkation. Squadron air-crews proceed to. . . ."

Then silence!

On the tin-can quay at Tjilijap, in the height of an air raid, Wing-Commander Johnny Jeudwine called the roll of the squadron.

The Last Bullet

Sixty-four men. Sixty-four who had fought to the last shell-ridden 'plane, the last bomb, the last bullet. Sixty-four heroes who now stared helplessly at the sky and swore softly.

The Jap bombs screeched like gargantuan hailstones around the tiny harbour. Houses were flaming like tinder, breakwaters crumpled. Seaward the bombs made an almost incessant cascade of spray and livid fire.

Hour by hour the dog-tired airmen wondered how a rescue ship could ever run through it.

The ship never came.

Over the hills, through the sugar plantations, the teeming hordes of the enemy were moving closer.

"So what? We're trapped!" said one of the airmen.

The others could have killed him.

"Don't you worry!" said Johnny.

The last small boats they might have used had gone while they waited.

"We've a triple choice," Johnny summed up. "We can be taken prisoners. Or maybe we can still find a boat. Or we can beat it inland and join the guerillas."

"It's more'n a thousand miles to Australia," sighed the Jonah.

Toothcombing the burning village, one of the boys unearthed a sextant. Another discovered a still greater treasure.

It was only a ninepenny school atlas with one of the maps purporting to show the prevailing winds and currents between Java and Australia. But the currents looked favourable.

It decided the airmen.

"Looks as if all we have to do is sit tight in a boat," they argued. "Wind and tide'll do the rest for the asking!"

Knew the Risk

They knew it wasn't true. They knew even if they found a boat, they faced a terrible and hazardous journey. They deliberately looked on the bright side.

They couldn't be held.

Swiping a car, Johnny Jeudwine scoured the beaches for a craft—anything—that the evacuation might have overlooked.

It was like hunting a clean-swept cupboard for crumbs.

The charred bomb-ridden hulks of half-sunken steamers seemed to mock him.

Yet at last, ransacking their blackened decks, Johnny found a couple of lifeboats.

It seemed too good to be true.

Back at Tjilijap the boys had piled up all the provisions they could muster. And, in a corrugated warehouse, they'd made another find.

A motor launch!

"Looks like a wreck already!" laughed the Jonah.

Rotting and battered as it was, the boys didn't know the "wreck" was merely a showpiece, romantic but unseaworthy, stored by a film company as local colour for South Sea movies.

Apart from an amateur yachtsman, Johnny was the only one versed in seamanship. Maybe, he thought, the launch could tow the two boats till the gas ran out.

"Then we'll cut her adrift and take to sails," the yachtsman agreed.

So, at dusk, they set off on their odyssey. Behind them the blazing port made an ominous backdrop. And the very next night they met with disaster.

They'd kept close to the coastline all day. Putting into a deserted creek, they'd gone ashore to sleep. Suddenly a violent squall tore the flimsy launch from her anchor.

Crashing on the rocks, carrying a lifeboat with it, the two boats were battered to matchwood.

Purple Dawn

In the ironic purple dawn a mass meeting resolved that Johnny, the yachtsman, a kid who could use the sextant, and nine others should still try for Australia.

Twelve men—a 30-ft. lifeboat—and ahead of them 1,000 miles of hardship and danger! That was the new, narrower issue.

They had food and liquids—whisky, beer, rum—for thirty days. Becalmed all that afternoon, not a breath of wind stirring the sails, Johnny knew there'd be no safety margin.

With only the sextant and a school atlas, they'd be lucky to make it. And these waters were shark-infested, thick with equally vicious morays and barracuda—and other fish Johnny didn't consider.

The breed was brought to mind next morning when the wind was beginning to move them and one of the type surfaced astern.

A submarine, machine-guns suddenly grinning from her conning-tower.

"We couldn't tell whether she was friend or foe," says Johnny. "There was nothing we could do. So I issued an extra ration of beer all round. It seemed the logical preparation for whatever was ahead of us.

"She came up to within fifty yards and we saw she was Japanese. Imagine how our hopes fell! Then, suddenly, she sheered off. They must have decided we weren't worth bothering about!"

All that day they discussed why the Jap hadn't taken them prisoners. And all that week. . . .

The voyage settled down into sameness.

They went through storms when the rudder broke and had to be repaired with wire made from their bully beef tins.

They endured dead flat calms when Johnny cheered them up by inventing games—games like giving the longest list of film-stars' names beginning with F—the fo'c'sle competing with the quarter-deck.

And Whales!

Once a giant whale—"large as a ship"—surfaced 200 yards away and came right alongside.

For what seemed a lifetime it floated a yard away, staring inscrutably.

It was worse than the U-boat.

Every man kept perfectly still. One flip of that mighty tail would smash their cockleshell craft to splinters.

When the whale eventually submerged, some of the boys were sick with reaction.

That wasn't all.

Somehow the course they were taking seemed not to agree with the atlas picture of favourable currents.

Sometimes when they should have been scudding before a following breeze they had to tack so much that they made no forward progress.

Which was right—the navigator and his sextant or the ninepenny atlas? Johnny tried to check both with his watch—and never got the right answer!

The ship took sides. As the days went by Johnny cut the rations. But every Saturday, to keep up morale, he served an extra tot of rum for the King's health and the immortal toast of Saturday night at sea:

"Wives and sweethearts!"

Still they argued. . . .

Then, one grim morning, after a sleepless night of mental calculations, Johnny announced that his watch—instead of checking the sextant—must have been losing.

Despite the atlas, the crew realised they had been drifting steadily northward.

This was their gravest moment.

Still they sailed on, trying to correct their course.

They had been forty days at sea when at last a swallowtail butterfly came fluttering over them. Two nights later the watch gave a yell:

"Palm trees ahead, sir!"

Not knowing it, they had passed clean over a coral reef, narrowly missing being flung into the ocean. Drunkenly the twelve staggered ashore. A few palm trees, a coral atoll, a beacon. Nothing more.

After 44 Days

But on the beacon was the name of the island, and it gave their position.

After all, they were not far from the Australian coast. And two days later a scouting Catalina sighted their waving shirts.

"I swam out to it," says Johnny Jeudwine. "Knowing the sea to be full of sharks, I swam that distance in record time."

They had been forty-four days on their journey. Never before—land, sea or air—had the R.A.F. staged a greater adventure.

More Replies to the U-Boat

ALL the way out a heavy sea had been running. But the men aboard the s.s. —— did not mind. They were used to heavy weather.

And, anyway, they had *the new device* aboard. They said it jokingly.

They thought of the new device as a sissy business. How would it work out if anything serious really happened?

★ ★ ★

Then the torpedo came out of the night and tore a hole in the side of the ship.

They launched the lifeboat all right. They got the rafts overboard—just before the deck heaved up at a fantastic angle.

It was impossible to see in the pitchy darkness. There were men swimming in the water, men calling. Suddenly they began to remember. The new device.

Red lights broke out. Bulbs fitted into the lapel of every seaman's jacket connected to small batteries inside their pockets. They burnt roughly for ten hours.

Those bulbs were responsible for saving the life of the seamen.

It is only one of many ideas which have emerged from the lifeboat research station.

Every week ideas are pouring in here from captains, experts and ordinary serving seamen, ideas which all help in the war against U-boats.

Thomas Metcalfe, head of the research centre, knows better than anyone that saving the lives of men from sunken merchant ships is vital.

Frost-bite was a big ordeal. Metcalfe, after obtaining all possible medical information, visualised an entirely new type of shipwreck suit.

He went to work at once. His colleagues helped him develop the idea. Finally, a suit made of special rubberised materials resulted.

★ ★ ★

It combined hood, coat, trousers and overshoes. It had slits in the sides to permit limb massage. It weighed no more than 3 lb. 6 oz., and has since saved scores of lives.

Not so long ago the station was asked for a raft light which would drop 50 ft. or 60 ft. into the sea without damage, come erect when it hit the water, light automatically, and stay alight for long periods.

It was produced, and is in operation to-day.

It seems a far cry from sinking ships to this quiet office. But the two are closely connected to-day.

V. B.

BIG TASKS AT SEA

★ It is the Navy—our strong arm through decades of triumph and trial—that will set the seal on the vast offensives in Europe for which the Allies are massing. Just what that means in relation to Hitler's desperate do-or-die tactics at sea is explained.

By A. G. GARDINER

THE spotlight of the war is shifting from the East to the West. Russia this winter has blazed the path to victory.

It may well be that the Battle of the Atlantic this summer will clinch the victory. For upon the issue of that battle the fate of the whole offensive in the West hangs. And that offensive is now imminent.

Whatever form it takes and wherever it strikes, its success depends upon a commanding control of the sea.

The invasion of North Africa gave us some glimmering of the immensity of the task before us. A mighty armada, comprising 800 ships, was needed to transport and supply the relatively small army needed to effect a landing on a practically undefended seaboard. It was done, and done brilliantly.

BUT THE INVASION OF A FORTIFIED EUROPE IS A VENTURE OF AN INCREDIBLY MORE FORMIDABLE KIND. IT WILL NEED A MIGHTY ARMY TO BREAK THROUGH THE DEFENCES.

The army will have to establish itself in the face of an enemy armed to the teeth and with all the advantage of interior lines. It will have no sources of supply on the spot.

Its munitions, its food, its clothing, everything it needs, will have to be brought to it from this island. The flow must not cease for a week, for a day. A prolonged breakdown would mean a calamity before which even Stalingrad would pale.

It follows from this that drastic measures against the U-boat are essential to sustain the invasion and conquest of the Continent.

For reasons, whose wisdom I do not challenge, we have little exact information about the U-boat war. In the early stages the facts were revealed, but this practice was dropped, and for the last three years the only information about our shipping losses has come from the enemy.

That information has, naturally, always been grossly exaggerated. But enough has emerged from the cloud of rumour, denial, and fact to disquiet us.

We hold the surface seaways of the world, but we hold them at an immense cost. We have not been starved out by the U-boat, but neither have we conquered it.

The sinkings last year rose to the level of the danger point reached in 1917, before the convoy system was put into operation.

THERE HAS BEEN A SUBSTANTIAL DECLINE IN THE LAST FOUR MONTHS, BUT WE HAVE IT ON THE AUTHORITY OF COL. KNOX, THE U.S. SECRETARY OF THE NAVY, THAT THE ENEMY ARE STILL BUILDING SUBMARINES FASTER THAN WE DESTROY THEM.

We have, largely through the immense production capacity of the United States, more than kept pace with our mercantile losses by our new building.

And both Mr. Churchill and Mr. Alexander have assured us that our naval supremacy over the enemy is not less than it was at the beginning of the war.

Admiral Sir John Tovey, Commander-in-chief Home Fleet, should soon be more prominently in the picture. His will be one of the biggest jobs when the battle is carried to countries nearer our shores

In this respect, events in France recently have turned to our advantage. The fear that the French fleet might pass into Hitler's control is gone.

Part of that fleet lies shattered in Toulon harbour, and the rest has passed into our hands.

* * *

If our only jobs at sea were holding the sea lanes and maintaining our supplies to India, Russia, Persia and Africa there would be no ground for concern.

The German and Italian navies cannot challenge us in this field and the U-boat cannot starve us out.

IT IS THE VAST NEW ENTERPRISE TO WHICH WE ARE COMMITTED THAT SHADOWS THE OUTLOOK. IT IS THE INVASION OF HITLER'S EUROPE THAT MAKES THE CONQUEST OF THE U-BOAT SO IMMEDIATELY URGENT.

The extent to which Hitler relies on the U-boat to smash the Casablanca programme needs no stressing.

It is the one weapon that has not yet failed him. He has lost the dominion of the air. His invincible armies have been put to flight in Russia and in Africa. His fleets, German and Italian alike, dare not show themselves on the open seas. His terrorism has surrounded him with enemies.

But the U-boat has not failed him. It has not done all that he expected of it. It has not brought us to our knees. But it has sunk millions of tons of our shipping.

It is the gravest danger that besets us. And it is still unconquered. Now that we are closing in on him he will exploit it with the desperation of defeat.

In appointing Doenitz to the command of the Navy he has warned us that his whole strategy at sea now will revolve round the U-boat.

Doenitz is the master mind of submarine warfare. He has enhanced its range, its power and its technique. With the whole coast line of Europe at his command he has made it the most elusive and formidable enemy with which we have to deal.

WE MUST ASSUME THAT ALL HIS CUNNING IS NOW DIRECTED TO ONE END—DEFEAT OF OUR INVASION.

For this reason it would be a mistake to suppose that the recent fall in shipping losses indicates a weakening of the U-boat arm.

It may be due to the withdrawal of submarines from their hunting grounds in the Atlantic to their home bases in order to meet the expected attack.

AND WE MAY TAKE IT FOR CERTAIN THAT DOENITZ WILL HAZARD EVERYTHING FOR SO GREAT AN END AS THE DEFEAT OR THE SERIOUS CRIPPLING OF THE INVASION PLAN. WE MAY TAKE IT ALSO THAT HE WILL GAMBLE BOLDLY WITH HIS SURFACE SHIPS.

The *Tirpitz*, the *Scharnhorst*, the *Gneisenau*, the *Admiral Hipper* and the rest are not formidable enough to meet us in a set battle, but in the hurly-burly of an invasion they would be a powerful weapon.

And the fact that they have been taken out of the hands of an orthodox seaman like Raeder and that Doenitz is given *carte blanche* to use them as he pleases means that the maximum of risk will be taken.

It is the sort of gambler's throw that is characteristic of Hitler. All or nothing.

* * *

What is our reply to the Hitler-Doenitz strategy? What are the measures we are taking to secure such a command of the sea as will give us victory in the Battle of the Atlantic and make the invasion of the Continent triumphant?

When World Secre

A CIRCULAR waiting - room, deep easy chairs, gold-braided and covered with red velvet, old masters of inestimable value on the walls.

Swiss Guards in their ancient robes looking like mediæval lancers with their pikes at the ready . . . that is the atmosphere in which the most mysterious diplomatic negotiations of the war have recently taken place.

★ ★ ★

Behind the double-doors leading from this waiting-room is the residence of the Pope, who has received diplomats and special envoys from the four corners of the world.

It is less likely that any information about these meetings will leak out from the Vatican than from any other Chancellery of the world.

And within the few square miles of the Vatican's territory, in the heart of Rome, surrounded by belligerent Italy, yet on neutral ground, more diplomatic secrets are buried than in the capitals of a dozen warring nations.

The Pope, spiritual leader of millions of his flock all over the world, is also a modern statesman well-versed in the political formulæ and rules of the game.

Like the ruler of a State, he can count on his ambassadors in practically every c
to keep him
realities of ever

And other
secrets bare i
readily becaus
that in a ch
midst of consta
can, as a tiny
always try to b

Clerks and
wear the robe
well trained to
contingencies
is involved.

They work o
which the Pop
guard the well
of the world.

He will alwa
matters from

Of course, a
Pope may—as
pened recently
the Nazi amba
scurrying hom

★

It may ma
land's Minister
that he can
in his country

All the envo
dinal Pacelli,
as a first-clas
able negotiato
who understan

Reach the V

In the world
ch with the
e and politics.
en lay their
of him more
are convinced
world, in the
icts, the Vati-
al State, will
al.

though they
ir order, are
h the political
h the Church

laborate moves
make to safe-
f the Catholics

roach political
angle.

ord from the
to have hap-
Count Bergen,
the Holy See,
t to Hitler.

★

penberg, Fin-
Vatican, think
e Pope's help

that, as Car-
was regarded
t, as a very
of the world
orld.

He speaks
his native It
in French wi
at home in
as any widel

And whate
a quick eff
sions in far

That is wh
visitors at th
the Pope's u
his Cardinal

★

The worl
that Count
Berlin, wou
principles a
not obtaine
Pope.

And specu
wide when
relieved of h
tary, was ap
Mussolini a
the Vatican.

Those wh
ment as a
the importa
neutral cent
ties.

Mussolini,
himself with
peace, no do
law will
Vatican to

In both cases it is t
e problem. And that p
een solved either by us
ur submarine successe
anean are relatively as g
ermans in the Atlantic.

The convoy system
eep the devastations wi
ne out of 200 ships conv
r. Alexander has just
estruction of U-boats la
est ever."

He has told us also
riority to destroyers, cor
frigates." With enough
e shall in time hunt the

*But this is a slow
cannot wait. We are
greatest adventue of th
blast the enemy at his*

Hence the avalanche
e German bases from W
laire. We are systema
e submarine nests and
y the submarine eggs i

This blasting of the e
ount with increasing
our of invasion is reach

It will mount wit
ecause we have dominio
ir power which is the
erwhelming weapon at
can smite with the ma
e narrow waters.

**A BLITZ IS CO
HITLER AND MUSSOLI
DREAMED OF. AND
OF THAT BLITZ IT IS
TO EXPECT THAT T
WILL BE STORMED.**

EA

In both cases it is the U-boat which is he problem. And that problem has not yet een solved either by us or by Germany, for ur submarine successes in the Mediter- anean are relatively as great as those of the ermans in the Atlantic.

The convoy system has done much to eep the devastations within limits. Only ne out of 200 ships convoyed is sunk. And r. Alexander has just told us that the estruction of U-boats last month was "the est ever."

He has told us also that we are giving riority to destroyers, corvettes and the new frigates." With enough of these weapons e shall in time hunt the rats from the sea.

But this is a slow business, and we cannot wait. We are on the eve of the greatest adventue of the war, and must blast the enemy at his source.

Hence the avalanche that is falling on he German bases from Wilhelmshaven to St. Nazaire. We are systematically obliterating he submarine nests and the industries that y the submarine eggs in those nests.

This blasting of the evil at its source will ount with increasing fury until the zero our of invasion is reached.

It will mount with increasing fury ecause we have dominion of the air. It is ir power which is the swiftest and most verwhelming weapon at our command. And can smite with the maximum of effect in he narrow waters.

A BLITZ IS COMING SUCH AS HITLER AND MUSSOLINI HAVE NEVER DREAMED OF. AND IN THE WAKE OF THAT BLITZ IT IS NOT TOO MUCH TO EXPECT THAT THEIR FORTRESS WILL BE STORMED.

Reach the Vatican

in the world ch with the e and politics. en lay their of him more are convinced world, in the icts, the Vati- al State, will al.

though they eir order, are h the political h the Church

aborate moves make to safe- f the Catholics

roach political angle.

word from the to have hap- Count Bergen, the Holy See, rt to Hitler.

★

penberg, Fin- Vatican, think e Pope's help

that, as Car- was regarded t, as a very of the world world.

He speaks German as fluently as his native Italian; he can converse in French with a Frenchman. He is at home in most parts of the world as any widely travelled statesman.

And whatever he does or says has a quick effect, produces repercussions in far distant countries.

That is why the world watches the visitors at the Vatican and listens to the Pope's utterances or to those of his Cardinals wherever they are.

★ ★ ★

The world knows, for instance, that Count Preysing, Bishop of Berlin, would not denounce Nazi principles and methods if he had not obtained the approval of the Pope.

And speculation flafed up far and wide when Ciano, after being relieved of his post as Foreign Secretary, was appointed by father-in-law Mussolini as Italy's ambassador at the Vatican.

Those who regarded this appointment as a promotion had in mind the importance of the Vatican as a neutral centre of diplomatic activities.

Mussolini, who may still delude himself with hopes of a compromise peace, no doubt imagines his son-in-law will be well-placed in the Vatican to make soundings.

★ How are the Nazi's preparing in the occupied countries, any one of which may suddenly become the battlefront in the big attack they will soon have to meet ? How are they dealing with potential fighters in their midst ?

Huge fortifications which have been erected along the coast are being constantly inspected by German Generals

Behind the Nazi Line of Forts

GERMANY'S High Command chiefs may feel confident of their own divisions, however thinly they are spread along a coastline of 4,000 miles.

But as zero hour draws near they are increasingly worried about the people in the countries pinned down behind that long line.

Up to now plain wholesale terror has sufficed. But now this terror goes hand in hand with new methods, applied with equal ruthlessness, terror of a new sort which is hurriedly being carried out according to a carefully elaborated plan.

The guiding principle of this new plan is depopulation. Not only of the coastal areas but also far inland.

Hundreds of thousands of young, strong, able-bodied men, patriots who are likely sympathisers of the Allied cause, are being quickly removed.

The executioner's axe is still busy. But not even the Nazi murderers, not even the shooting squads of the military and the S.S. Black Guard can exterminate as many patriots as the Nazis want to eliminate.

Slave-driver Sauckel

Concentration camps are full and new inmates are reaching them every day. But other Nazi victims, the greater majority of the people under Hitler's yoke, are being taken from their homes to work and fight for Germany.

Sauckel, the chief Nazi slave-driver, is at present in France, and, under his direction, train-loads of Frenchmen are going to Germany.

It looks as if Hitler does not care very much whether these new slaves of the New Order will be effective workers and reliable soldiers.

The haste and energy with which the recruiting goes on make it look more like a mass evacuation of able-bodied men from what will to-morrow be a battlefield and a vital danger area for the German defence.

Coastal strips along the Channel have long been completely evacuated.

Not only is the R.A.F. battering U-boat bases to bits and making them uninhabitable, but the Nazis, at the same time, are removing tens of thousands of Dutch, Belgians and French from a wide belt along the coast.

Their pioneers and engineers are blasting buildings and razing whole villages to the ground. The people play a secondary part. They are not allowed to stay.

In Norway

Up in the north a different treatment is now meted out to the Norwegians, on whom the Nazis know any Allied invasion force can count for whole-hearted assistance.

The wave of unparalleled terror in Norway has now been paradoxically accompanied by attempts to bribe, bait and generally appease the politically less active part of the population. The hideous Quisling, the original European traitor, is slowly disappearing into the background.

Young Norwegians are offered work in Germany, and even in Norway, under conditions which would make even Nazis envious.

If they consent to join one of the "foreign regiments" of the Wehrmacht they are being promised 80 per cent. of their former wages, on top of board and lodgings.

Vast work schemes, like the Trondheim aerodrome—"the biggest in Europe"—have been put in hand, and Norwegians working on them are now being well paid.

While Frenchmen are being removed and Norwegians bribed, the peoples of the Balkan areas are just now feeling the full impact of Nazi cruelty.

The Greeks, particularly, are learning what Goering meant when he said that "the whole of Europe will starve, but not Germany."

Nazis are trying to break the indomitable spirit of the Greeks with starvation.

They believe that starving, weakened people will be unable to rise and fight, and they do not care if hundreds of thousands of Greeks perish rather than see a few hundred of them take up arms against their oppressors.

Near by, in Rumania, the Nazis are not less active.

A Danger Spot

The country is regarded as a danger spot, and the German military authorities realise what might happen if the Russian push in the south comes much nearer to their Rumanian bases.

So Rumania is quickly being transformed into a Nazi military camp. Rumanian troops and officers are less in evidence now in Rumania than they have ever been before.

Thousands of them have perished on the Russian front and their places at home are taken by German troops, by Nazi police and stormtroopers, S.S. men and Gestapo agents.

None of Germany's allies is so firmly in the grip of Hitler as Rumania. Complete occupation is obviously the final Nazi aim. It may come sooner than even the Rumanians themselves expect.

It is the same with the ridiculous little independent States which the Nazis have set up in Europe.

Now that the Battle of the Continent may begin any day the Nazis obviously feel they can no longer afford the luxury of such show-pieces of the New Order.

They are about to do away with them. They have made it quite clear that the days of Slovakia, for instance, are counted.

Little Bratislava will no longer be a capital of an independent country. The Germans are ready to take the town and the country over, lock, stock and barrel.

Croatia faces the same fate.

And Jugoslavia is a sore spot in the Axis organisation. German troops have been sent there to wage the full blast of "old-fashioned" Nazi terror.

It goes side by side with attempts to confuse the world about the aims of these patriots.

Italy, Too

That the Germans are not leaving their closest allies, Italy and Finland, out of their schemes is evident.

Diplomacy here takes the place of the underhand methods applied in other countries.

Ribbentrop in Italy was not expected to have chosen his words too carefully when he talked to Mussolini.

The result of German pressure on Finland could be gauged from the statements of the re-elected President Ryti that Finland would continue the war by the side of Germany.

The conclusions which we can draw from all these latest reports from Europe are that the military disasters in Russia and Tripoli have not affected the German determination to use their other weapons to full extent.

Their propaganda and diplomacy is more active than it has been for many months past. It is working up to the great climax.

The Nazis hope to be ready with their schemes in Europe before zero hour strikes.

When Signal Comes

What they are doing is to clear their backs and free their hands for the big fight.

But when the United Nations give the signal to their allies on the Continent the whole Nazi plan will fall to pieces.

The people of Europe, whether simply enslaved or recruited for work and war, or abducted, will join the fight for freedom.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

LEGAL TO POSE AS A PRIEST!

DUE partly to loose legislation and partly to war conditions, adventurers are flourishing in the fields of religion and social service.

As the law stands, any unordained person can go about posing as a clergyman.

Here are a few examples:

Funds are being sought for the Evangelical Social Services Mission, whose letter headings give addresses at Jubilee Hall, Farncombe, Surrey, and at Cursitor Street, Holborn, London, E.C.4.

Its Chief Organiser is described as the Reverend Richard Stockman, and the Mission is supposed to do widespread work in military and other circles.

Despite all his pious claims and the fact that he wears clerical dress, Stockman is an arrant humbug.

A few months ago he arrived at the house of a Surrey doctor whose wife, now dead, had been in the habit of making regular contributions to his funds.

Facile Humbug

He unfolded some realistic stories about the progress of his work, and said he was now the Padre of a large camp of Canadian soldiers at Woking.

He came away with another donation.

Then he wrote to the doctor saying that as he was so busy at Woking, and no longer had the use of a car, he could not call personally. So he would be grateful if further financial assistance could be sent to the Mission's London headquarters.

The doctor sent a cheque. Some days later, when looking through his pass book, he noticed that the cheque had been endorsed "D. Stockman, Rev." and paid through a *Worthing* bank.

So he had a few inquiries made by a friend who happens to live at Farncombe. This led to the discovery that the "Jubilee Hall" so impressively shown on the notepaper was a shop to which Stockman had given this grandiose title, but which he no longer occupied.

Further inquiries show that the whole background of this self-styled clergyman and his "Mission" should at once receive official attention.

The "headquarters" address in Cursitor Street, Holborn, is one at which he pays a nominal fee merely for the receipt of letters.

He has no office there.

When he was active in Woking he had a shop in Chapel Street, and ran what he called the "Lady Haig Hostel."

Numerous Canadian soldiers frequented it. But for the most part they had to pay for the meals they had there and the profits went into Stockman's pocket.

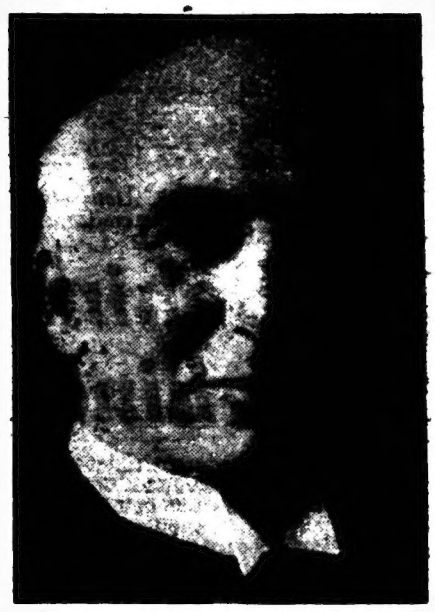
In Army Uniform

One day this adventurer decided that being a plain clergyman was too humdrum. So he went to a tailor he knew and equipped himself with a complete Army Chaplain's outfit.

Adopting an officer's khaki cap, with the black badge of a regular chaplain and the buttons of the Army Educational Corps, he masqueraded in Woking and elsewhere, wearing battle-dress, greatcoat, brown shoes and clerical collar.

On his right arm he wore an armlet worded: "Lady Haig Hostel, A.R.P."

But he overstepped the mark. Although his ordinary clergyman pose had gone on unchecked for years, this new piece of vanity led to his arrest for wearing His Majesty's uniform without authority. He was jailed for four months.



Lord Simon, the Lord Chancellor, might well give this whole matter his attention

He had even used Lady Haig's name without permission, and, when questioned at the Woking Police Station, impudently declared that he had named his hostel after her ladyship "in much the same way as one would name a public-house"!

He has not been out of jail long, yet he is active again, from this accommodation address in Cursitor Street, appealing for his new, sham "Evangelical Social Services Mission."

Since shortly after the last war he has run half a dozen "Social Service" organisations and every one has been unworthy of support.

He has never been known to issue audited accounts, and any appeal from him should be thrown into the salvage bin.

The "Rev. V. Hayman," lately very busy in the West Ham and Barking districts of London, is another of these masqueraders.

Wearing clerical collar, he goes about carrying tracts and other literature.

He asks for donations for what he calls "Our Christian Fellowship." There is no such recognised body.

He is just another of these clerical humbugs who should be curbed.

Several people who have parted with money to Hayman in the belief that he is a genuine minister of the gospel now know that he leaves behind addresses which are false.

In a different category there are a large number of "clergymen" running ventures which, if not quite so hollow as those dealt with above, are by no means as sound as their literature suggests.

But no matter whether people of this kind, who prefix their names by the title "Rev." and dress themselves up as clergymen, are well-intentioned or downright rogues, one thing is clear.

A law should be passed regulating the status of all authorised clergymen.

Those passing themselves off as such until they have been recognised by some official and governing body should be prosecuted.

And such a law should embrace those hosts of individuals who, while not actually posing as clergymen, solicit moneys from religious people by pretending to be leading members of unknown or superfluous evangelical bodies.

Pious Appeals

A recent case concerns a man named Benjamin D. Wileman, of Cranford Avenue, Palmers Green, London.

Wileman uses the most pious language in his appeals, and is founder of a concern called the Evangelical Witness Book Fund.

He first appealed for money to enable him to send books to missionaries and schools abroad, but he has admitted that he took salary and expenses from the collections, which have never been accounted for in an audited report.

There is no evidence to show how much he has expended on books, but in any case such work is redundant as so many large and well-established bodies more than cover the same ground.

Wileman has lately been approaching old supporters with pious appeals for money.

Some of the expressions used in different appeals are "the Lord's Leading is in the event," "I should be very grateful to you and God shall have Praise," and "So may it be to His Praise and Glory."

One of his recent dupes is a lady who has sent him cheques for over £200 during the last two years!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. F. Bradley, Brandhall Lane, Quinton, Birmingham, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.

Letters are welcomed from readers with particulars of any ramp or other matter needing investigation. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FEE-SNATCHING 'FRIEND'

LET me tell you about a man who describes himself as "The Friend in Need."

In my opinion, he is just the sort of "friend" you should avoid.

His name is E. E. Pagesmith and, at Headley Road, Woodley, Berkshire, he runs a thoroughly impudent venture called "The Physiognomist Problem Bureau."

* * *

He talks unblushingly about his "genius" as an adviser. If you are a discarded swain, a lonesome creature seeking a mate, a business man looking for a partner, or are only just worried or unhappy, this "Friend in Need" will come to your aid.

His only stipulation is—that he wants your money first.

You can then reveal to him even secrets of the most intimate nature and he'll see you through—with his advice.

He wants 5s. for answering every two questions and agrees to answer every third one for nothing. And if you have a whole lot he condescends to mark the occasion by making you a special quotation for all in one lump sum!

* * *

This fee-snatching "Friend" heaps praise upon himself. "If I wished it," he writes, "I could exploit myself in 'big business' and not be at all concerned with the benefits of my 'genius' showered on humanity."

Before he tells you anything, you must send him a postcard size photograph, head and shoulders only, together with your cheque or postal order.

You're just silly if you do!

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WILL THE "TRUCE" BE BROKEN?

● When, at Whitsun, the Labour conference meets, one of the chief things discussed will be "Shall we break the electoral truce?"

There is no suggestion that the Labour Ministers should leave the Government.

It is argued that, if Members of the Government keep out of elections, there would be a fight on domestic issues—not on the war, on which there is no division—so that the public should have a chance of deciding such things as the Beveridge Plan.

The argument against this is that, anyway, voting with a 1939 register is useless.

The trade unions, with their majority, will, in all probability, retain the status quo.

Meanwhile, Communism spreads, "Independents" are getting all the show, and the local Labour Parties are becoming paralysed.

WILL THE PARTIES RE-LINE?

● I hear much quiet talk of a Centre Party.

"They are trying to form one around Herbert Morrison," one of the most prominent political writers told me. I failed to learn who "they" were. Nor was I convinced that Morrison would agree.

I still feel that if effective and far-reaching reconstruction plans are evolved before the war ends, there will be a National Government, after the Armistice, to carry them out.

If so, the political colour of the new House would decide the degree to which those plans were implemented.

My reason for foreseeing a post-war National Government is that I do not think that any one Party could form a Ministry sufficiently wise to deal with a tithe of the grave problems involved.

Personally, I would prefer a Labour Government. But—where is it?

And, apart from a few, where are the Tories?

WOULD AN INTERNATIONAL BANK BENEFIT US?

● Why, there is one already—that on which Mr. Montagu Norman and Dr. Schacht normally sit among the directors, and which still functions in some sort of way, despite the war. It is a kind of clearing-house.

People now suggest that currency should be controlled by an international bank which could prevent slumps by having a centralised power over money.

But the problems of the future will concern Goods, not Money.

Besides, Dr. Temple has pointed out, with shrewd wisdom, that the danger of an international bank would consist, not in the idea, but in the sort of people who would control it.

All manner of people find panaceas, nowadays, in organisations. What they fail to realise is that institutions are growing so powerful that they need, to control them, men of greater wisdom and higher character.

An international bank in the hands of bankers would be worse than the present chaos.

We are evolving towards an era in which barter will be more important than handing over a lot of counters.

Anyway, the financial discussions which have now begun in London between representatives of the Allied Governments will no doubt affect the whole future of international banking arrangements.

A refreshing feature of these talks is that they are apparently embracing the views of China and Russia.

A SLICE OF LIFE By WALDO KELLAR

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE

FOOD was the topic we were discussing. One man said: "I'd sooner eat horse than pig when I come to consider their personal habits."

And then an old merchant seaman said: "Eat horse? Why, I'd eat anything rather than a horse. Eating a horse is like eating a man—you just can't do it, you mustn't do such things."

There was profound distaste in his tone. The very idea horrified him. I looked at him with a certain curiosity. One does not expect a sailor to feel deeply about horses; they are not his business.

He was, I clearly remember, a short, burly man of about sixty, with tiny gold rings in his ears.

These gold rings with his blue uniform and grizzled moustache gave him an air of outlandish recklessness.

But when you looked away from them and considered the man without the ear-rings you saw an ordinary, chubby, round-faced person who could not have been anything but a plain Englishman. He went on:

I was brought up on a farm. My family have been farmers in Bedfordshire for five hundred years. My mother died when I was born. My father was very keen on her and he couldn't bear the sight of me after she died.

He didn't treat me badly, didn't knock me about or starve me; just didn't *want* me.

He married again when I was about ten, a woman twenty years younger than himself. She didn't like me either. She used to smack hell out of me.

ALL in all, I had a rotten time when I was a kid. There was nobody for me to play with.

I got into the habit of talking to animals. And I kind of made friends with a young horse we had on the farm. His name was Lightning, not because he was fast but because there was a sort of ziggy-zaggy white splash like a fork of lightning on his chest; the rest of him was black.

I kind of fell in love with that horse, if I may say so without seeming silly. He was my pal. He understood every word I said to him. He was the only thing that saved me from going melancholy-mad.

This was when I was about eleven. Lightning, then, was about two years old.

Yes, I was turned eleven when I made up my mind not to stand it any more. I ran away to go to sea. I slipped away in the night. The only thing I said goodbye to was Lightning.

I had taught him to shake hands: he'd raise a hoof and let me shake it. He did so then, and he knew that I was going away because he whinnied as if he was trying to speak. It nearly broke my heart.

But I went, and the rest is a long and dead ordinary story. I got a ship, worked like a dog as you used to when there was sail, beat about the world, and saw lots of strange countries, and got more kicks than shillings.

It was a rough life. I hardened up, got older, passed the usual milestones . . . got drunk for the first time (it was in Hong Kong), learned to take care of myself in general, and banished home from my mind.

When my father died and left me the place I sold it to a neighbour by post, and blew-in the proceeds.

Well, I was saying, years passed, and I was about twenty years old when I got a job on one of those posh little Channel boats. This, remember, was many years ago. I forget exactly when, but it was before 1910.

Those were the days of the horse-trade. The Belgians used to eat a lot of horse-flesh, and we used to ship old horses that had been worked out and were not fit to live any more.

They would be sent to Belgium for meat. But what used to happen was this: when they landed these horses they would decide that there was another few months' work to be got out of them, and so they would work them, the poor old horses, until they fell dead . . . and then eat them.

It was my first trip on this boat. There was a cargo of old horses. When I saw them I felt sick inside. It's not fair. Nobody has got a right to do it—to ill-treat a horse, which is the strongest and the decentest thing that God ever made.

It's wickedness! I couldn't bear to look at these poor, broken-down, trembling old hacks that had worked so patiently all those years, only to be sold off like this in the end.

There is a special hole in Hell for people who got their money like that!

We started. The horses had never been on the water before, and they were terrified. A storm—or rather a bit of a wind blew up. The horses were plunging and kicking. I was told to see to them.

I swallowed my gall and went. I tried to soothe them. They know when a man likes them, and they respond to it.

And all of a sudden, looking at them, I saw one that seemed familiar. There was a lightning-shaped splash on his chest.

Yes, it was old Lightning—but how he had changed!

HE had been a proud and beautiful animal, but now he was humble and wretched and broken. The tears came to my eyes when I looked at him.

I said to him: "What, Lightning, Lightning my old pal, has it come to this?"

He recognised my voice and looked up. He wasn't quite certain. I said: "Why, Lightning, my old playmate, don't you remember all the long talks we used to have, and the time when I told you the story of Jack the Giant Killer?

"You used to let me ride on your back. I used to read 'Dick Turpin' to you. We're both a bit past that now, aren't we? What, Lightning," I said, "won't you shake hands with me?"

He remembered, and lifted up one of his poor old shapeless hoofs, and I shook it, and he whinnied. The wind was rising. We were out of sight of land. I looked at him, and I cried like a child.

Then I made up my mind. I said to him: "You was my pal. I never had any pal except you. And now they're going to take you over there and make you work till you die and eat you, and turn your lovely old skin into leather, and the rest of you into filthy glue."

"But you've still got one pal left in this terrible old world, Lightning. Do you remember when I went away in the night, and you were sorry to see me go? Are you listening? Do you still understand me?"

He whinnied. I got out my knife and cut him loose, and I said to him: "One good turn deserves another. Go on, good old Lightning, make a clean end of it."

He understood. He put up his hoof for me to shake. He put his muzzle on my shoulder for a second. I cut the other horses loose, too. And old Lightning stood up stiff and straight, like a two-year-old again, and threw his head back and let out a neigh that sounded like a gale in the rigging, and he went galloping out, and the others followed him.

They went stampeding across the deck. And then Lightning gathered himself, took a last jump, and went into the water. Just like men will follow a good leader, so the other horses tried to follow him, and three of them made it. I saw their heads bobbing for a second or two in the rough sea, and then they were gone. . . .

And then I looked away, and my eyes were like windows when it is raining . . . and I saw a first-class passenger, a nasty old man of eighty, who, I've heard, had made a fortune renting slum houses.

He was in a fur coat, and two men-servants were holding him up and walking him to and fro to keep away sea-sickness. . . . I don't know why I've remembered that.

Then they collared me and I got hell. I paid dear, but I'd do it again. But what was I saying? Horse-flesh. Eat horse-flesh? I'd sooner eat my own brother if I had one.

HUMAN MACHINE

WHAT IS HEALTHY ENJOYMENT!

A great Chinese thinker once solved one of mankind's greatest problems in a sentence.

"The meaning of life," he says, "lies in the sane and healthy enjoyment of it." So simple!

There is, nevertheless, a good deal to be thought out before that simple recipe can be understood and applied.

That it is as true as it is simple can hardly be doubted; but what constitutes "the sane and healthy enjoyment of life?"

Is it the same for all? Do we all agree on what is "sane," all agree on the meaning of "healthy"?

Probably there are as many ideas as there are people—which is probably why so few see clearly what life does mean.

Let us look a little behind the scenes.

The Yorkshire people have a saying about folk who "sin their mercies." They mean people who fail to appreciate their good fortune and their luck.

You must get your perspective right here if you are to be sane and healthy.

You must also, to be sane and healthy, want to enjoy life. You must start with a firm belief that life is something to be enjoyed.

You must observe, and not just see, reason and not just allow thoughts to flit through your mind.

So many people get a kind of perverted pleasure in finding out what is wrong with their environment. They would get a great deal more real pleasure if they looked for what is right with it.

. . . And this is J. Smith Reading It!

LIKE most people, I hate being read to.

I like my reading matter to be in front of my own eyes.

A friend, talking to me the other evening, was dreading the day (in *his* day, he thought) when the B.B.C. would have driven the newspaper right out of the field.

I can't see *that* coming.

Choice, selection; those two little words sum it all up.

If I like a juicy murder, then in a newspaper I can have my juicy murder three times over for one penny simply by going back to page one and reading it all over again.

★ ★ ★

If, instead, I have a higher taste (lower, if you like) and prefer the Minister of Tadpoles' latest speech, I can have *that* three times over for one penny.

"Pick where you like." That's the motto of a free newspaper-reading race as well as of the market-place. A newspaper is, in fact, a kind of market.

At one stall they wrap it up and send it for you. At the next you take it home in your hand.

But you please yourself at which stall you buy.

I can't see a friend, even my best friend, reading *my* favourite item in the newspaper to me three times over. I can't see a B.B.C. announcer doing it, either.

That's something I can only do for myself.

★ ★ ★

A broadcast news bulletin is all right for the very latest in brief (except when they put it at the end, at the tail of the stale stuff you've already had at six o'clock and nine o'clock; a pleasant little habit of theirs), but to have it served up as *you* want it the only way is to go to the market and select your own stall.

Put it another way: do your own shopping.

Would a woman let another woman buy her hats for her?

There you've got it.

I don't think my friend need worry. Not in our time, or our children's children's time, will our information come to us solely out of a hole in a box.

"This is Henry Macdoodle reading it."

"Yes, mate; and this is John Smith not listening. Pass me the paper, my dear."

A. G.

It's common to find people travelling hundreds of miles without uttering a word to fellow passengers

NEED ENGLISH PEOPLE BE SO RESERVED?

By HUMANIST

A GIRL of nineteen told me the other day how she had travelled from Leeds to London with three older women—one in each corner of the compartment—and nobody said a word the whole time. She asked if such a thing could happen in any other country but England.

It would not happen in America, France, Spain, Russia or Ireland, as I know. I doubt whether it would happen in Scotland or Wales.

This reluctance to start a conversation with strangers appears to be a failing of the English. A young man wrote about the subject the other day.

"I don't blush and I don't stammer," *he said,* **but the same lack of self-confidence hits me another way: I can't talk in company. I just sit as if I were dumb. Yet all the time I am just longing to join in.**

"I suppose it is a form of reserve, but I can't throw it off and I never do myself justice anywhere.

"I am reckoned fairly intelligent; I read a good deal; I often have ideas which I should like to ventilate in a discussion. But can I do it? Well, you know the answer.

"Is it possible to tell me why this awful handicap has got hold of me? And is there anything I can do to shake it off. I should be glad to know what you think about the problem, and so, I believe, would hundreds of others."

This "reserve" of which the young man writes is a sort of self-defence. He is afraid of giving himself away and won't allow his real "self" to appear.

Is he afraid of seeming to be ignorant or simple? Is he afraid that he might make a "howler" in grammar or pronunciation? There is something which he is trying to conceal.

Putting the problem in another way, he is "frozen up inside," so that the words won't flow. He needs to "unfreeze," and that can only happen when he is heated a little.

If he were angry, for instance, he would burst out and become his true self. Feelings of injustice, hatred, love, admiration or rapture would impel him to talk.

The trouble is not in his thinking but in his emotion. He will have to stop trying to be something which he is not.

THE other side comes from a man who has worked in a coal-mine since he was fifteen and tells me he has conquered this same lack of self-confidence.

"I once scored three goals in a cup final," *he writes,* **"and was carried off the field with a broken rib. During my convalescence I read several books on self-consciousness.**

"One thing I have discovered is that shy people are often very brave in times of danger. I have noticed this in the coal-mine.

"But I am not ashamed of being shy, and I have not allowed it to spoil my life. It is nothing to bother about.

★ If you are in doubt write to Humanist, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

"I could write a whole book about the subject, and I was very interested in what you wrote a few weeks back."

What he says about shy people making good in times of emergency is true enough, and if other readers will adopt his attitude—carrying on and "not bothering" about it—the trouble will be reduced to a mere nothing.

Let's be our real selves and stop worrying about the impression we make on other people.

PROBABLY the most difficult problem in the world is raised by another reader.

"In this wholesale carnage," *he begins,* **"when harmless people are made to suffer so ruthlessly and innocent children are being murdered, the question has often been put to me by young people: 'Why does the Almighty allow such things to go on unchecked?'"**

The two ideas—faith in Divine Compassion and the cruelties that are going on every hour of the day—are in violent conflict.

It seems impossible to hold fast to both at the same time. If sheer logic compels a man to drop one of them he cannot deny the existence of what is happening in the world.

Is he then to renounce his Christian faith and believe that the world is governed by some demon or by blind chance? The reader cannot do that either!

The dilemma reminds one of the old trick question: What would happen if an irresistible force came against an immovable body?

I cannot believe that all this suffering is intended for our good; nor can I believe that children bombed to death in a London school are being punished for their sins.

There is both good and evil in human nature, and we have the terrible responsibility of choosing between them. I believe that the good will eventually triumph; it is happening to-day: but there will be a long, bitter struggle before we work out our own salvation.

"Trust in God and keep your powder dry," said Oliver Cromwell, and the same sentiment emerges in the song: "Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition!"

LIFE'S SETTING

SOME people give, some people take, some people mend and some people break. Some people listen, some people talk, and the world divides them with an irrevocable chalk.

SOME people laugh, some people weep, some people share and some people keep. Some people strive, some people shirk, some people play and some people work.

SOME people smile, some people frown, some play the game and some let you down. Some people seek and some people find, some are too anxious and some do not mind.

SOME people live, some people exist, some people are truthful, some give the false twist. Some people comfort, some people sneer, some people drift and some people steer.

SOME people defer, some people boast, some people plunge and some hug Life's Coast. Some people follow and some people lead, some people fail, some people succeed.

SOME people win, some people lose, some people accept, some people refuse. Some wish you well and some wish you harm, some people panic and some remain calm.

SOME people are loyal, some people betray, some people are dauntless, some deal in dismay. Some people praise, some people condemn, but God sees Life's Setting and judges the gem!

J. M.

VOICE OF THE

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned, 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CHRISTMAS DAY dinners seem a long way off, but letters from the lads on the various fronts describing their Yule merry-making are now pouring in to their folks at home.

So we have selected the best of them for this week's feature.

L.A.C. Woodington, with the R.A.F. in the Middle East, writes to his mother at North Norman Street, Ilkeston, Derbyshire:

We started the day well with a slap-up breakfast, eaten in the open air with the sun blazing down. Then followed a fancy dress parade for N.C.O.s, which was a sort of Crazy Gang affair, and worthy of the Palladium.

Later there was a football match, which proved funnier than the parade, but after that we settled down to a proper game between our squadron and a Navy team, which we won 2—0.

Then came the great event of the day—Christmas dinner, at which we were served by officers and N.C.O.s, a regular "Nippy" service.

We ate everything in sight from turkey to plum-pudding, and nobody went hungry.

Feeling well satisfied with ourselves, we then had a concert—our own talent, and very good.

Later we began chatting and thinking about you back home, and we were getting sentimental—so we decided to get the beer in!

AT MALTA

Gallant little Malta had a good time, too. A.C.I. W. J. Norman, R.A.F., writes to his parents at New Row, Machen, Mon.:

On Christmas Eve we had a singsong and went to bed very cheery. I got up later to fill some of the boys' stockings with rubbish, just to make sure that they wouldn't feel that Father Christmas had neglected them.

What a dinner we had on Christmas Day! Turkey, roast pork—and everything.

Each of us was served with a bottle of Maltese wine, a slab of chocolate, oranges and eighty cigarettes, so we did very well. Our carol singing was great.

IN THE PRISON CAMP

Even in prison camps, thanks to the Red Cross, our men appear to have quite a good time. Rfn. E. Mitchell, who has been a prisoner since the battle of Calais, is at Stalag VIII B., and writes to his mother at Prospect Road, Marlow, Bucks:

Thanks for all your letters at Christmas, which were more than welcome. We had a good Christmas dinner, thanks to the Red Cross parcels. Thirty-eight of us sat down to the meal, and it was a proper regimental dinner.

After dinner we had a concert and stage show, which was bright and breezy even if it was not quite up to West End standard.

Chips Waller and I sang a few songs and played choruses on mouth-organs. Then we did the Sweeney Todd play.

Perhaps we were not as good as Tetrazzini, Slaughter and Co., but we got plenty

And here's an eloquent description by airgraph

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

SERVICEMEN'S wives who produce a baby are allowed £2 by a grateful Government if the husband pays National Health Insurance. But the Ministry of Pensions will subsidise the undertaker up to £7 10s. to cover funeral expenses! — Mrs. Cruse, Sherborne, Dorset.

★ ★ ★

The drive to stamp out diphtheria by immunisation is excellent, but let us also improve rural sanitation, which in many villages is a disgrace.—Mrs. Gunning, Bury.

★ ★ ★

Careless talk! My husband answered the 'phone, and without any check on our number, a voice said: "I'm Sears ——. Am I in time to join my ship —— at —— Dock, sailing in convoy to-day?"—"Women Talk?" Liverpool.

★ ★ ★

You can't use a car to drive to the golf course, but you can 'phone for a taxi to take you there! That's the way to save petrol.—T. M., Edinburgh.

★ ★ ★

Expose the sausage ramp! One shilling and a penny a lb for skinfuls of peppered bread is profiteering at its worst.—Mrs. Powderham, Welling, Kent.

★ ★ ★

Shipping space could be saved if the Government imported orange-juice instead of oranges.—F. Gunning, Mold, Wales.

★ ★ ★

How can we fight tuberculosis, when a victim unable to work is paid 18s. a week to support himself and wife?—G. Harrop, Unwin Street, Huthwaite.

n if they came in the

e had a jolly day, much
of our guards, *who looked*
heerful.

HITE ONE!

Harris, of the Mer-
tells his parents at
st Ham, London, of a
as in a Canadian port:
t St. John's, Newfound-
stmas Eve in a rather
tion, and looking very
ry ship all covered with
The ice was over a foot
gging and the masts.
le head we had to chop
d anchors free of the ice
them. Believe me, there
t and sharp speeches in
age about it!
o wrote that song about
stmas" should have been
what we thought about
stmas!
Day was very cheery,
e had plenty of every-

and mate came down to
ry go, and donated four
to be used at our dis-
were!

URE GUESTS

alden, a prisoner in
rites to his mother at
ace, Fenton Road, Hali-

one a Cockney, one from
two from Scotland, plus
together, and we had a
party, thanks to the Red

were decorated with the
our mothers, sweethearts
that they all seemed to
the fun with us. And
s from home made a good
bles.
de red, white and blue
ns, and it all looked very

toasts were to "All at
an "Early Victory."
the day we had a sing-
cert, and so to bed, hoping
Year will bring us back

Y BUT CHEERY

frica some of our troops
mas in the mud, but
keep cheery. Gnr. A.
tes to his mother at
, Newport, Mon.:
queer Christmas. You
rd on the wireless that
re bogged in the mud—we

as Eve our lorry was
ut all over the place, and
up in a ditch.
we were still struggling
rry out, when an officer
watch and calmly an-
ristmas Day," which we
nal for us to sing "Happy
You"—and other things!
f the mud eventually, and
had Christmas dinner in
owed by a singsong. Not
hite Christmas," but we

NKEY DERBY

race appears to have
ighlight where Sgt. . A.
s with the R.A.F. in the
He writes to his mother
Avenue, Plymouth:
, which was a great "do,"
key Derby, with a Totali-
plete.
agtime race meeting, not
cot, but a good time was
xcept the donkeys, which
ratic in their running.

HUSH-HUSH HEROES—No. 6

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

★ In this, the last yarn in this intriguing series, you glimpse probably the most elusive of all the mystery men. His job goes back to the last war and seems to have continued with dare-devil exploits in odd corners of the globe until it merged into this new world conflict.

Most Elusive of the Secret Men

THE Japs just didn't know what hit them. Striking out of the fleecy China clouds, a mystery air force blew Tokio's over-boosted "Invincible" squadron into tatters of flaming fuselage and seared chunks of metal.

Four days later, 1,000 miles away, a second Tokio ace squadron tried to strike at Lease-Lend supplies piled on the docks at Rangoon.

In pairs against Tojo's dwarfs came the same nightmare planes—machines with devil eyes and sharp-toothed jaws painted upon their prow heads.

From the rolling, slashing sky duels few Japs survived to tell of the terrifying advent of the Flying Tigers.

In four days the Japs lost more aircraft than in the whole previous year. In four weeks the cowed spirits of 300 Jap airmen were saluting their ignoble ancestors.

Four more months . . . and the wreckage of 600 Japanese planes littered the green hills of Shan States and Yunnan.

What precisely was the link between this holocaust and the fighting career of a lean-faced kid who ran away from Texas in '16 and smuggled himself across the Canadian border to join what was then the Royal Flying Corps?

Major Frederick Lord has been called "the most mysterious of all the mystery men."

It was seeing pictures like this of the bomb havoc in the Spanish Civil War that made Lord catch the first boat to Barcelona

Yankee Doodle Days

Way back in the Yankee Doodle days of the last war he won one of the first D.F.C.s for his superb show against 20 enemy raiders in the skies over London.

Fighting the Huns at 2-1 odds over France, a bullet whanged against his skull and—as he says—ricochetted!

His official bag was 22 enemy machines destroyed—and a kite balloon!

Two days before the Armistice he was shot down in flames.

The boys came marching home, but Major Lord couldn't stop fighting.

He limped out of hospital—head-first into revolutions in Mexico, revolts in Honduras.

He fought in Russia, and there's a *London Gazette* commendation about how he saved the town of Pinega from certain annihilation.

It makes Lord grin.

Whisky Bottle Bombs

"They don't mention the whisky bottles," he says. "Pinega was surrounded, the enemy's horse-drawn artillery moving in on all sides. The Russian officers asked for help. . . .

"It was midnight. We had no bombs, but there were empty whisky bottles lying around.

"I piled all I could into the cockpit. The bottles sounded like bombs. To finish it off, I started firing at the horses with a Verey pistol.

"They stampeded, started pulling the guns into the river. The whole place just went mad. Gosh, what a laugh!"

Then came Hitler's dress-rehearsal for war—the Civil War in Spain

Lord caught the first boat to Barcelona. He didn't intend to join in. He merely expected fun and excitement.

A bomb screaming into Madrid changed his mind. And the sight of a little girl just after the explosion, not crying, but staring curiously at the stub of her arm. . . .

Lord knew then that he could never look on at total war.

In a ten-year-old French Brecquet he pitted his skill against brand-new Junkers and Musso.'s best Fiats.

"They came so close," Lord once told me, speaking of a one-sided battle against his "brickbat," "you could see their goggles. Our machine-gun just gave one short burst and one of those enemy machines fell off in a dive. We'd hit it.

"Boy, did those fellows ever open up on us! When I got home I found I'd only 20 rounds of ammunition in my machine-gun!"

Racy? That's the word for Lord. Hero, oil prospector, soldier of fortune, his thrills have been pungent.

Yet the outbreak of this war found him merely working as a flying instructor at a private airfield in the States.

Air ace—retired!

You might say it looked like carpet slippers for Lord.

Few of his pupils knew the toughness behind his flying skill, his Astaire smile. He kept quiet about his D.F.C., his Croix de Guerre, his congratulatory letters from generals like Plumer and Ironside, his Russian orders of St. Anne and St. Stanislaus.

He Smelt Adventure

Maybe he *was* settling down!

Then he heard that Bill Pawley, of the Central Aircraft Manufacturing Co. of Miami, was privately recruiting flyers to help China.

Fred Lord smelled adventure. Experts with experience of military flying were being enrolled in the American Volunteer Group. Associated with Pawley was another "forgotten" air ace in Colonel Claire Chennault, sometime a schoolteacher.

Pay was £120 a month, with £100 bonus for every Japanese plane shot down, plus £250 for every enemy plane brought down intact.

There were no planes—until Sweden cancelled a delivery order for 100 old-type Curtiss P. 40's.

The British Purchasing Commission held them—and finally agreed to their release.

It all had to be kept dark from the Japs.

That is why it is still too soon to tell the full part Lord played in training and building up the thrill-loving sky-kids—both British and American—who soon formed the A.V.G. nucleus.

It is said that "Freddy" smuggled the flyers into China through Jap-held ports by registering the volunteers as tourists, acrobats and artists.

Fought Terrific Battles

Officially they were under contract to the Chinese Government and the P. 40's were Chinese property.

Then overnight the Japs attacked Burma.

Lord is reputed to have flown and fought in the terrific battles over Rangoon when the road to India was barred not by a joint air force of the United Nations . . . but by the A.V.G.'s.

Scores of Jap planes were wrecked and crippled.

When at last the Flying Tigers were dissolved, the Chinese Government anticipated a bill of over £75,000 to the flyers in salaries and bonuses for kills.

Instead the Flying Tigers tore up their contracts and took no more than expenses.

Shortly afterwards Major Frederick Lord was in Britain. His job this time was another special training one—and equally hall-marked "Hush, hush."

My letters to his airfield, however, have failed to elicit a reply for some weeks past. Lord is doing the greatest job of his career as a cog in the R.A.F. But when Fred Lord vanishes, I know the answer is hair-raising excitement somehow, somewhere. . . .

SPEED VICTORY

ROUND-THE-CLOCK bombing is shaking the enemy. But it cannot be maintained unless more and more aircraft are forthcoming.

And, of course, aircraft need engines, and engines in their turn call for an ever-increasing supply of metals of all kinds.

Are you helping to feed this supply line? Have you turned out all those unwanted metal articles from that cupboard under the stairs? Have you searched the tool-shed or the kitchen cupboards for empty tins?

Every pound of iron, brass, copper, etc., is potentially one more unit of horse-power for an aero-engine. Don't hold back if you think your contribution trifling. Added to those of your neighbours it will mount up to a really valuable figure.

The same applies to waste paper, cardboard and rubber. All these are badly needed for conversion into aeroplane parts.

Keep up your individual salvage drive and help to speed victory.

"Well begun..."

You couldn't have a kinder baby soap than Wright's . . . Yet that fragrant 'coal tar' lather is one of the best skin germicides known. So begin as you mean to go on . . . let Wright's safeguard the nursery bath against stray germs and infections all through the day.

WRIGHT'S
Coal Tar Soap

7½d. per tablet — inc. tax — 1 coupon.

That extra 'war-time' walking

TO KEEP YOUR SHOES FIT FOR WALKING, BRUSH

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

well into the leather. It will keep them supple and comfortable, and give extra wear to every pair.

In Black, Brown and Tonette.

Supplies are restricted — use sparingly.

Chiswick Products, Ltd., London, W.4.

CB/YU

And YOU will find your ideal tobacco among the Six FOUR SQUARE blends. They are all just pure matured tobacco with no artificial scent or flavouring.

FOUR SQUARE

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD., PAISLEY, SCOTLAND

LAST LAUGH

A. P. (Stowe).—"I composed a song, rang up a London publisher and sang it to him over the telephone, but he refused to buy it." Wrong number!

W. M. (Barnes).—"The short woman will miss high heels as they made her appear taller." She can do nothing about it, especially if her face has already been lifted.

P. I (Totnes).—"There is a shortage of back studs." And it isn't everybody who has a handy piece of vertebrae to which he can fasten his collar.

G. N. (Hove).—"When I walked on the platform there was loud and prolonged applause." Fuel economy, we suppose. Striking the palms of the hands together is very warming.

W. B. (Barnet).—"It is claimed in Germany that *ersatz* coffee does not keep people awake." At least, not so thoroughly as the R.A.F. does.

G. M. F. (Brighton). — "I appeared for years as a contortionist on the stage and have always been a teetotaller." Even now you have retired you don't do any elbow-bending?

F. N. (Hayes). — "My wife bought a hat the other day. She told the shop assistant that it needn't be smart or fashionable, but it must wear well and be cheap." Obviously a hat for you, not her.

PIPE - MAJOR (Edinburgh). — "When learning to play the bagpipes common sense tells the beginner not to inhale through the mouth." Only suckers do that.

W. L. (Norwich). — "Several high-rank Italian officers in Egypt were decorated by General Rommel with the Order of the Iron Cross, Second Class." There will be trouble if they are caught travelling First.

PSYCHOLOGIST (London, W.).—"When your job is particularly monotonous, make sure you really relax in your leisure hours." An egg-marker entering a theatre should resist the inclination to take out his little rubber stamp and make a neat imprint on each bald head he passes on his way to his stall.

V. B. (Yorks).—"Grammar is not everything." No, it is just grammar.

OLD BILL WITH THE AMERICANS

"Sir, guess there's somethin' wrong with this. I can only get Bing Crosby"

Side-Slips

BRISTOL EVENING POST:—"... when he saw two men riding cycles, and, shining his TOUCH upon them . . ."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS:—"Books are wanted, no matter what their condition. In the FRICTION class. . . ."

SHIPLEY TIMES AND EXPRESS:—". . . pinch off the tops of the PANTS and burn them. . . ."

JOYFUL NEWS:—"The singers stood, while he audibly found the note holding the FOLK to his ear."

THE HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS OBSERVER:—"A WEEDING of local interest took place at St. Mary's Church. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● "I served in the Royal Scots from September, 1914, to February, 1919, was wounded twice, and gassed," writes Robert Dickson.

This man volunteered for service again in 1940. In December, 1942, he was discharged physically unfit, suffering from chronic bronchitis and emphysema. He now receives a pension of 11s. 3d. per week.

His wife has been seriously ill in hospital, during which time their children were cared for by their grandparents.

Their home is in storage, and £10 is needed to remove it. At the moment the family of five exist in one room. Until this account is settled this man cannot even obtain his working clothes.

After paying rent and insurance, the unfortunate family have only 6s. a week left on which to feed five.

Mr. Dickson is desperately anxious to make a home for his family and work when he is well enough to do so.

We earnestly beg our readers to be as generous as they can to assist this willing but sorely handicapped man. Donations, earmarked "Royal Scots," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Donations to the Fund are not subject to any deductions for administration, all expenses being gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,303

H. Aynsley, 43, Trafalgar St., York, for this Bullet:—

CUT ON THE OCEAN
THE "EVERY SECOND FRONT"

£20: G. Beaumont, 656, Bradford Rd., Bradley Bar, Huddersfield.
Unconditional Surrender—Nazi "Clemence" Without "Bargains."

£10: F. K. Macmorran, Holmwood, Bleadon Hill, nr. Weston-super-Mare.
Eagerly Awaited—Hitler's "Intuition" in Tunisia!

£5: A. Sykes, 12, Kaye Lane, Linthwaite, Huddersfield.
Bit Of A Rashet—Beveridge "Baby" Beaking Westminster.

£4: Miss E. Savage, 231, Dunstable Rd., Luton.
Eagerly Awaited—The Tussle Of Spring.

DOUBLED FIRSTS SEE OFFER NEXT PAGE

£3: W. F. Evans, 28, Ruspidge Rd., Cinderford.
Out On The Ocean—"Queue" That Serves Shopkeeper.

£2: Miss J. C. Ingham, 6, Whalley Rd., Barnley.
Home On Leave—Five Inches, Water—Luxury!

£1a.: E. R. Chant, 54, Gates Green Rd., West Wickham.
Man Behind The Counter—Fearing "Assault" For "Battery."

£1a.: Cpl. A. R. Morris, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Home On Leave—Engine-driver's Hot Coke Apparently!

£1a.: A. Bull, 20, Lady Pit St., Leeds.
The End—Sour? Brown's Borrowed Flannels!

£1a.: F./Lt. J. Lail, 25, Olive Drive, Newton, Wirral.
Home On Leave—Buttons Rival Sonny's Eye.

£1a.: M. S. McQuinn, 40, Windsor Cres., Hebburn-on-Tyne.
In The End—Finely, Dad—Ladder Wear!

A list of 25 Winners of Celebration Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT

IN XWORD 315

WINNING WORDS: 1. Passing. 2. Rat. 3. Bend or Vowel. 4. Red. 5. Holly. 6. Pints. 7. Right. 8. Sun. 9. Trash. 10. Pony. 11. Rabbit. 12. Rat. 13. Hound. 14. Rocket.

Winner of £100: Miss I. Elsmore, 97, Stwall Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.
Runners-up Award, value £25, shared between 15 entrants. In addition, 4-lb. Celebration Cake goes to each Runner-up.

MARCH 13, 194

THE MUNITION RIDES A

Precision B

ABERD

THE HALLMARKS OF QUALITY

REDI-

INTERL KEEP SUIT BETTER

LOOK FOR THIS SEAL ON YOUR NEXT SUIT

Splendid Corre

Our less-varied wartime liable to cause irregularity Lixen is a splendid corre not purge or gripe. It Prepared from senna po process, it helps the s regularity in a gentle, Lixen is suitable for you Lixen Elixir is the pain bottles, 1/3, 2/3, 3/11. fruit flavoured, in bottles, tax incl.

Made in England by Allen &

LIXE

THE GOOD-N

Averdale
nthusiast
NITION WORKER
ES A CYCLE
ion Built by
ERDALE

Smee's

DI-BILT
TERLININGS
EEP YOUR
SUIT IN
ETTER SHAPE

ndid
orrective!

ed wartime diet is very irregularity. In such cases endid corrective. It does gripe. It forms no habit. n senna pods by a special clps the system back to a gentle, healthy way. ble for young and old. is the palatable liquid in /1, 3/11. Linen Lebengen, d. in bottles, 2/8. Purchase tax incl.

d by Allen & Hanburys Ltd.

XEN
OOD-NATURED
Laxative

3488

CHILDREN'S TEETH in War-Time.

Even in war-time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's tooth-paste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutraliser of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains a high percentage.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting tooth-paste have the whitest teeth which are practically free from decay, distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere at 1/1d. and 1/10½d. Return empty tubes to the Chemist. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

FALSE TEETH
Are they on your mind?

When, through shrinkage of the gums, a denture loses its original suction grip, discomfort and embarrassment serve as constant reminders of its presence in the mouth. To end this unpleasant state of denture-consciousness use KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE *for making false teeth fit firmly*. Comfort and confidence are restored and there will be no more chafing of the gums, no more embarrassing situations. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, also large 'Economy' size 3/3d, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

Feet Sloggin'!

In Civvies or the Services,
In queues or on your beat,
It's more and more foot-sloggin'
And a rough time for the feet.

Service your FEET with

CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS

There are 30 scientifically designed Cro-Pax foot aids to bring instant relief. From 3d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all Chemists ... and all WOOLWORTH'S STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD. NOTTINGHAM and LONDON

"I can't be late" cried Mr. Tate,
"I'll leave my shave today."
"No need for that" cried Mr. Pratt,
"If you shave the EASY way!"

Use
EASY
SHAVING STICK
FOR A QUICK SMOOTH SHAVE
7½d. INCLUDES PURCHASE TAX

S 337 - 760 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED.

Germolene
ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Will— HEAL IT -Clean!

Dear Sirs,
My little girl was suffering from Eczema all over her face. I feared she would lose the sight of her right eye, the rash spreading so badly even to both ears. I decided to try GERMOLENE. In less than three weeks the trouble disappeared.
Mrs. E. J.

Germolene is famed for its remarkable benefit in all kinds of skin troubles such as Eczema, Skin Rash, Irritation, Leg Trouble, Chaps, Chilblains, Burns, Wounds. It soothes at a touch and ends irritation immediately.

Sold Everywhere 1/4 & 3/3 Per Tin.

DOUBLED First PRIZES

£200 RUNNERS-UP £25 AGAIN

Xword DOUBLE 1ST THIS WEEK!

Xword No. 315 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3d Entry-fee for 1 Col.			3d	3d	3d
1 IT'S NATURAL FOR US TO EXPECT HOT AIR FROM			OUTH			
2 IF HOUSEWIFE SAYS TO DO THIS ON WASHING DAY, IT'S AN OVERSIGHT	SO		K			
3 PUT THIS DOWN IF PESTS ARE DAMAGING YOUR GARDEN			OOT			
4 DOING THIS IS ASSOCIATED WITH HAWKING	SE		LING			
5 WOOLLY ONE IS SOMETIMES RIDICULOUS			EST			
6 SUCH AN ACT OFTEN LEADS TO CAPTURE OF ENEMY POST	R		SH			
7 TO DO THIS IT'S NECESSARY TO BE FLEXIBLE			RILL			
8 AMATEUR IS OFTEN THIS ON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE ON STAGE	S		ICK			
9 POOR BUT CONCEITED SPEAKER IS INCLINED TO			RATE			
10 THIS MUST BE VERY STRONG TO BE OF REAL USE	TU					
11 IT MAY PROVE COSTLY BUSINESS TO DO THIS IN THESE DAYS			OARD			
12 INCREASED CAUTION OF SOME SHOPKEEPERS	S		ILL			
13 THIS OF CLIENT MAY PLAY IMPORTANT PART IN DEBATING CASE			RIEF			
14 COMPARATIVELY FEW FIND STORY OF THESE DAYS TO READ	RO		KS			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated April 2.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK
No. .....MONDAY, MAR. 22.
Signed .....
Address.....
319

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bullet in charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated April 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

INCREASED BULLETS' CASH—CAKES!

£250 DOUBLED 1ST PRIZE £100 25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

OTHER AWARDS £20-£10-£5

4 3 2 1 1 1 1 1

1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, April 2.

THANKS TO WINSTON
WAR NEWS
AS EVERYBODY KNOWS
HIT THEM HARD AND
WRATH TO COME
ON THE FARMING FRONT
WARMLY WELCOMED
AT THE LABOUR EXCHANGE
TO OUR ENEMIES
WISTFULLY
A DAY'S WORK

BULLETS 1,363 RESULT (given on page 14.

BATTERED AND BENT
RISKS MUST BE RUN, SO
OFF HE WENT AND
DONE WITHOUT
HARVEST OF THE SEA
IN ACTION
SOWER OF DISCORD
PROFITABLE BUSINESS
DAD LOVES GARDENING, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" as usual.

SPIRIT OF.....
SAVED FROM.....
LUCKILY FOR .....
MORE THAN.....
IF WE'RE.....
LEFT TO.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated April 2.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark Monday, Mar. 22. 1,367

Signed.....
Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,367—or Xword No. 316, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

England, Home and..that Schoolgirl Complexion

Now, more than ever, a lovely woman is a gladsome sight — especially to war-weary men. Use Palmolive every time you wash, every time you bath. You find its rich, velvety, olive-oil lather beautifies as it cleanses—keeps you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.

PALMOLIVE

3½d. Including Tax

Is this your house?

Paper, metal tins, bones, string and other materials go into it every week. But how much comes out again as salvage?

Are the people in *your* home letting other people do *your* share of contributing the raw materials of victory?

Is your house slacking?

What do I do?

I save *paper*—keeping it clean and dry and separate from other waste.

I save *metal*—food cans, bottle tops, kitchen utensils damaged beyond repair, and any other metal articles I can spare.

I save *rubber*—every scrap is urgently needed.

I save *bones*—first cleaning them and drying them.

And I save *rags and string*—even the smallest pieces.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

Pioneers of Progress

William Penn
(1644–1718)
Persecuted for his religious beliefs, Penn sailed for America in 1682 to found a Quaker Colony. This was to form the State of Pennsylvania, where Penn made his famous treaty of friendship with the Indians.

Fired by an intense faith, Penn braved hardship, danger and persecution rather than forgo his religious freedom. A similar faith in their noble cause sustained the pioneers of early Co-operation. They, too, suffered persecution, but they founded a movement whose influence for good to-day benefits millions, wherever the world is free.

Issued by the
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

FUEL PROFICIENCY TEST

In the services recruits have to take proficiency tests to see that they have mastered the ways of modern war. Are you a seasoned trooper in the Battle for Fuel or are you still untrained and not pulling your weight? Check up on the test picture and see.

★ ★ ★

You should have spotted five blunders in the picture. And now take a look at your own boiler and see that all these economy measures are in force.

HOW MANY BOILER BLUNDERS?

Study this picture and note down your answers before referring to the solution below

YOUR ANSWERS SHOULD HAVE BEEN:

1 Top damper should be nearly closed.
2 Top of boiler should be closed.
3 Not more than 6 in. of fuel utilised.
4 Door should be shut.
5 Bottom damper should be closed.

NO ECONOMY IS TOO SMALL TO COUNT

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

Good health —good work

She's right when she says everything must be right. She's one of millions doing the work of men and her amazing success is due as much to her splendid health as to her wonderful good sense. May we remind you, too, of the Golden Rule of Health? . . .

Reecham's Pills

Boxes 1/4 & 3/3 (*Including Purchase Tax*)
Also in PENNYWORTHS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Act on Nature's Warning! to avoid being laid up!

ASPRO

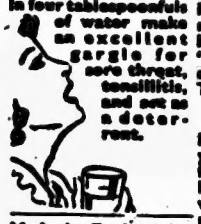
Uneasy Shivery Sensations

You'll generally get a hint from Nature if a cold or 'flu attack is on the way. Prompt action at that moment, with 'ASPRO', may save you days of lying up—discomfort — complications. Uneasy, nervy, shivery sensations are the usual signs—sometimes accompanied by a headache or uncomfortable tickling at the back of the throat or nose. 'ASPRO' quickly banishes the headache and all signs of feverishness—stopping the development of the attack. A gargle with 'ASPRO' in a little warm water clears the throat—banishes soreness and inhibits the spread of infection. The gain is two-fold—you are saved suffering and expense, and the nation benefits by your full efficiency at a time when your productive effort is most vital.

ASPRO action is Quick-Safe-Sure!

'ASPRO' As a Gargle

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and are a deterrent.



Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.

SMASHES 'FLU—HUSBAND HELPED

Mr. and Mrs. P., of Liverpool, 4, write:—"I am writing to you on behalf of my husband and myself for the wonderful service that 'ASPROS' have done for us—we cannot praise them enough. I myself have had a very bad attack of influenza but as soon as I took a few 'ASPROS' they reduced the fever and checked the cold. Also my husband has suffered from headaches a lot of times and he tried 'ASPROS' for the first time the other day and they have done him good. Now he will not be without them again. Thanking you once again."

SORE THROAT RELIEVED

Mrs. T. McVEY, of Southall, writes:—"I am writing to tell you what 'ASPRO' did for me. I never had a wink of sleep for a full fortnight. I was just about mad with pain in my head and my throat was terribly sore. I did not know where to put myself. I got my husband to get me a packet of 'ASPRO' and this is the positive truth. After I had taken them I got a good night's sleep and felt almost better next morning. I had always had great faith in 'ASPRO' and always will."

ASPRO PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., Ltd., Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.